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CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S, COLOGNE.

The present number of the Casket is embellished with a view of unusual singularity and interest—that of the ancient Church of St. Martin, Cologne. The city of Cologne is the capital of an extreme Prussian province, on the left bank of the Rhine, about one hundred and seven miles east by north from Brussels. It is fortified, and contains a large number of spires and public buildings of an imposing appearance.

Under the Germanic Empire, Cologne was a free Imperial city, and had both a seat and voice as well in the Diets or Assemblies of Westphalia as in those of the Empire. At this time the Elector of Cologne occasionally resided here, as well as the Chapter of the Archbishop of Cologne and a Nuncio of the Pope. Urban VII. established a university here in 1388, to which succeeding Popes granted privileges. It is still the seat of a Catholic Archbishopric, but the university as such no longer exists.

Cologne cannot on the whole be called a handsome city, its streets being crooked, narrow, and dirty; but it has a great number of public buildings, and among them thirty-three churches and chapels. The population in 1800 was 65,145. The cathedral is a noble building, 400 feet long and 180 wide, which, owing to its magnitude, is a conspicuous object from a distance, overtopping every other edifice in the city. The body of the cathedral is supported by 100 pillars. Two high towers were designed for this building, one of which is raised to only about half the height intended, and the other is hardly begun. Were the cathedral completed, it is generally allowed it would be one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. Behind the high altar is the chapel of the three holy kings, or three wise men, as they are sometimes called, made of marble; the shrine which contains the bodies is remarkable for the curious and elaborate ornaments with which it is decorated. The names of the three wise men, according to some accounts, are Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, whose bones, as the story goes, were first taken to Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine's mother; thence they were transferred to Milan; and finally obtained a sumptuous mausoleum in Cologne. What the precise merits of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar were, we have not been able to make out satisfactorily. The parish church of St. Peter contains the Crucifixion of the Apostle, one of Rubens' finest pictures, which he gave as a present to the church in which he received the rite of baptism. This distinguished painter was a native of Cologne. The picture travelled to Paris during the time when the French were so busy in appropriating to themselves all the valuable works of this kind which they could lay their hands on; after the downfall of Bonaparte it returned home.

In the church of St. Ursula we see the tomb of this holy Virgin, and, as the legend would have us believe, the bones of her 11,000 virgin companions and martyrs; the church does in fact contain an immense number of bones, and in a certain chamber, some accounts say, there are, or were, several thousand skulls, arranged in good order and adorned with garlands and coronets. The fact of the bones being there seems undoubted; the proof of their belonging to the lady virgins does not seem quite so clear.

Besides these there are many other handsome churches in Cologne, one of which, the church of St. Martin, is represented in the engraving. This view is given, not so much for the beauty of the church, as to exhibit the general style of architecture in this old city.

The town-house has a fine portal formed by a double row of marble pillars. The old Jesuits' college, an extensive building, now contains a gymnasium or high school, with a library, a seminary for priests, and a valuable collection of old German paintings.

The situation of Cologne makes it a place of considerable trade, particularly with the German town of Frankfort-on-the-Main and Holland. In 1822, 4415 vessels of various sizes arrived at the town, and 2832 left it. The manufactures of Cologne are considerable; twenty-five tobacco manufactories, cotton, silk, and woollen wares, earthenware, soap, candles, &c; and Cologne water, or *Eau de Cologne*, as it is commonly called, which is said to be made at twenty-four different establishments. The virtues of this water must be well known to all our readers; but if they have still any doubt on the subject, it is only necessary to read the printed French advertisements, which generally accompanies the bottle, and it is impossible to dispute the virtues of the commodity which the manufacturers extol so highly. A great deal of brandy is made at Cologne. The book manufactory of the town employs eighteen establishments and forty-two presses.

The public library of 60,000 volumes, the botanic garden, the school for the deaf and dumb, the various collection and cabinets, the hospitals, &c. are such appendages as we usually find in an old continental town. There is a bridge of boats over the river, which at Cologne is about 1250 paces wide, connecting the city with the opposite town of Deutz.

*** The statistical facts in this notice are from "Cannabich's Geography," a late German work.

From the forthcoming number of Atkinson's Casket, for January, 1835.

MRS. N——: A SKETCH.

BY BENJAMIN MATTHIAS.

Desirous a morning walk in the autumn of 1832, I met with an adventure which I shall not soon forget. The incidents seem indelibly impressed upon my memory, not so much on account of their novelty, for they are, probably, of frequent occurrence in this checquered and eventful life, as on account of the peculiar and interesting circumstances with which they were subsequently connected. At the time, I was in a reflective mood, disposed to philosophize on every incident, and perhaps willing to profit by the most trivial lesson.

It was an Indian Summer morning.—The air was cool and refreshing, and the wholesome exercise of walking gave excitement to my spirits. The rays of the sun were just visible on the tops of the most elevated buildings—the laborer was seen preparing for his daily toil, and here and there the door of a tavern might be discovered half open, as if to invite the early passenger to his morning dram; an invitation which, it was not difficult to ascertain, was but too generally embraced by those who had risen at that early hour. I sauntered on, in a northern direction from the heart of the city, and was ruminating on the advantages of early rising, and the wickedness of wasting precious moments of time in unprofitable indulgence, when I heard the piercing shriek of a female, apparently about half a square distant. I quickened my pace, to the direction whence the cry proceeded, and arrived at the spot in time to prevent a savage-looking ruffian from repeating a blow with a large knotty club, over the head of a female.

"Monster!" I exclaimed, "would you strike a woman?"

He turned upon me with the scowl of a fiend, and I saw before me the bloated face, the inflamed eyes, the enervated frame of a confirmed DRUNKARD. My look of disgust and indignation, appeared to renew his anger, and I should probably have suffered severely for my interference, but for the presence of one who arrived at the same instant with myself.

"Come, Sam," said he, "this won't do; let your wife alone, and push off to your work."

The wretch appealed to muttered horrid imprecations and curses, but after a growl of defiance, directed towards myself, obeyed the command, and the two went away together.

I remained a moment, to learn the cause of the outrage. A female, considerably advanced in life, with a pale and haggard countenance, in a coarse and tattered dress, was leaning, in great agitation, against the door of a miserable hut. She was in tears, and I thought, as I gazed upon her sallow features, distorted as they were by suffering, that I could trace the outlines of deep and bitter affliction. Her grief was not boisterous. She wept, but her tears flowed involuntary. The fountains of her heart were apparently broken up, but there was that in her manner and appearance, which showed but too plainly, that she was one whose acute sufferings almost defied sympathy—one with whom compassion seems rather to augment than diminish the grief which corrodes the heart, which palsies every energy of the mind, and destroys even hope itself.

"The world may not appreciate your sufferings, Madam," said I, "but one who has seen and felt some of the horrors of an intimate connection with a drunkard, is surely not impertinent in his desire to know whether it is in his power to render you assistance."

I spoke mildly, and with a voice that betrayed emotion which I could not control; and the accents, as they fell upon her ear, seemed to arouse her from a stupor into which she was gradually falling.

"I thank you for your kindness," she replied, "but mine is a case of misery without hope of relief. Human power cannot remove *my* wretchedness.

"Perhaps, however, human power may at least *mitigate* your sufferings; as it is evident they originate in the folly and wickedness of others."

Further solicitation prevailed, and she made me acquainted with the immediate cause of her present distresses. Her husband was a man of irregular habits, an idler and a common tippler. His scanty wages were spent in the dram-shop, and his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, the eldest a girl of sixteen, were frequently without bread for days. Occasionally they were able to procure employment for their needles, but this resource only rendered the beastly husband more negligent. On the evening previous to the occurrence I have noted, the last cent had been given to satisfy a claim for rent. The family went supperless to bed; the husband was absent, carousing with some companions at a tavern, and did not return until morning, when he appeared in the condition I saw *him*, and demanded food. His wife had none to give, for her scanty larder was empty, and her small resources utterly exhausted, and the wretch became violent, and finally struck her.

It was a case calculated to awaken sympathy in the coldest bosom: need I add, that in my very soul I pitied the unfortunate, the abused, the heart-broken lady. She was evidently a woman of acute sensibility. Her language gave proof of education, of high accomplishments, of refined feelings. And such a woman, united by the closest ties, with a debased, unfeeling wretch, a brute, a common drunkard—one who was dead to every noble feeling of human nature, callous to the sufferings of a confiding woman, and utterly reckless of the consequences of his wicked course. He too, was the father of her children—a father upon whom two lovely girls looked for example—for precepts of instruction—for wisdom to guide them safe from the coils and snares of a deceitful world. The soul sickens with anguish at the reflection. The young, the innocent, the unsophisticated hearts of his children, must have regarded him with loathing and abhorrence, and turned from his tender salutations with disgust. Tender salutations?—No!—He polluted their ears with curses—he set before them an example of ruin, degradation, and endless misery.

Who will say that habitual intemperance is not *madness?* Would a creature, endowed with reasoning faculties, put the cup of poison to his lips, and drink in death—eternal death? Would a man, created in the image of his Maker, and blessed with an intellect capable of the highest degree of enjoyment, with that intellect unclouded, sacrifice his bosom companion—his own offspring—his hopes—his ambition—his present and future happiness, for the beastly voluptuousness of an ale-house? Never! The habitual drunkard is not a man—is not a reasoning creature. He has lost his powers of discrimination between good an evil, and buried deep in the bowels of the earth, the talent which God has given him to improve. His mind is a chaos of darkness—his intellect is disordered—and the deep, the impenetrable gloom of insanity rests upon his benighted mind. Is this gloomy picture overwrought? Then let him who loves the bottle—that curse of our existence—pause before the incipient habits of inebriation are confirmed—before the worm of corruption has entered his heart—before human nature is reduced to a level with the brute creation—before the misguided, the infatuated votary of Bacchus, becomes an outcast from society—shunned as a pestilence—avoided as one upon whom Heaven has fixed the seal of inexorable displeasure!

While these thoughts were revolving in my mind, a lovely girl, rather under the stature of womanhood, with large black eyes of unusual brilliancy, and a countenance that seemed, at the first glance, to be a model of perfection, rushed into the room. "Here, mother," she exclaimed with animation, "get father his breakfast—here is money."

"Money, my dear,—what money; surely you have not—"

Fresh tears bedimmed the eyes of the afflicted woman, and I saw, in an instant, the nature of the emotions that filled her bursting heart. Her affectionate daughter threw herself into her arms as she exclaimed:

"No, mother, I have not *begged;* I have *borrowed* the money from George; and know that I shall be enabled to return it to-morrow."

The girl had been awakened from her slumbers by the ministrations of her unworthy father, and knowing her mother's destitution, had stolen away to her friend George, a reputable tradesman in the neighbourhood, and obtained the loan of a piece of money. Humiliating as was the application, her anxiety for her mother's safety and peace, had triumphed over every scruple; and in her joy at having obtained the means to quiet her father's anger, she forgot that she had done aught to violate the frigid rules of maidenly propriety. She obeyed the impulses of her nature.—*She loved her mother.*

Almost immediately I took my leave, with depressed spirits and an aching heart. A few friends joined in making some provision for immediate relief, and I had the satisfaction of enlisting, in behalf of the family, the benevolent feelings of several whose hearts were large, and whose purses were well supplied.

The arrangements which were made for the subsequent support of the family, in a way to avoid wounding their feelings by a sense of dependence, afforded me an apology for many subsequent visits. This intercourse confirmed my first impressions. The lady was a fond, a confiding, but a deeply injured woman, and the daughters were all that such a mother could ask. It was delightful to witness the tender attachment which governed all their actions. They were happy in each other's society, and in the commingling of their pure and ardent affections, they forgot, for a moment, that their existence was embittered by the occasional presence of a husband and a father. In that forgetfulness was their enjoyment.

During one of my visits, I took advantage of the absence of the other members of the family, to ask the lady for a sketch of her early history. I believed it would be one of unusual interest—I was convinced that her present station in life was not the one she had been accustomed to fill—I imagined that she could tell me something that would afford a valuable practical lesson, and I was not disappointed. With evident reluctance, however, for the reminiscences she was about to rehearse were painful and humiliating, she began:

"I am the only child of affectionate and doting parents. My father, an officer on half-pay, though possessing what are called high notions, was not above keeping a public house in the vicinity of London; as he was thereby enabled materially to increase his income. Great pains were bestowed upon my education; and so far as regards school learning, my acquisitions were considerably above my station in society. My life was one continued scene of enjoyment and happiness, until the death of my mother, which happened when I was in my fifteenth year. I had never known sorrow before—she was indeed a *mother.*—Kind to a fault—indulgent, forgiving, and withal, careful and prudent in the management of her domestic affairs,—my father loved her with devotion, and well she deserved his undivided affections. This melancholly event left me in a great measure without a proper guide. My mother had been my *friend*, to whom I confided all my thoughts, and to whom I at all times, looked for counsel. The loss of such a friend, naturally occasioned heart-felt sorrow. I drooped under the deprivation, became gloomy, and was ushered into society, before my judgment was thoroughly matured, to drive away my sadness.

"In my seventeenth year, a slight accident, which happened while I was absent from home, made me acquainted with Lieutenant N——. He was a gentleman of prepossessing manners, and kindly offered to assist me to my father's residence. Being already known to my father, his visits became frequent, much to the annoyance of my friend Howard, a worthy mechanic, who was a constant companion in all my enjoyments. Howard was a general favorite among my acquaintances, but none esteemed him more warmly than I did. He was open, free, candid, intelligent, and possessed sound and well matured principles. I knew that he was attached to me, but I knew also that his pretensions would not be listened to by my father, who had resolved that I should never, with his consent, wed a *mechanic.* Alas! for that *fatal error!* He knew not that his kind precautions would be the means of destroying his own and his daughter's happiness. But I will not anticipate. Lieut. N—— became devoted in his attentions. His manners were easy and polished—his appearance fascinating—his conversation attractive. My giddy head was turned, when he offered his *hand*, with the prospect of *ecclat* which would attend my nuptials, and offended at the proud demeanour of Howard, who had ceased his visits, on his expressing his regret at the inconsistency and folly of my conduct, in an evil hour I proved recreant to my first love, and became the wife of Lieut. N——, he that has just left us.

"You look amazed, but a word or two will suffice to explain. Lieut. ——, at the time of his marriage, was addicted to habits of dissipation. I knew it not, but too soon realized, in the utter annihilation of all domestic happiness, the dire effects. Indulgence confirmed his habits, and three years had not elapsed, before he became a drunkard. Dreadful, beyond all description, were my mental sufferings; and bitter was the indignation of my father. Entreaty was only of temporary benefit—remonstrance excited him to fresh excesses. His friends deserted him: he threw up his commission, fearing an investigation into his official conduct, and was obliged to seek employment as a clerk. In the meantime, the injured Howard had married a cousin of mine, in more humble life, but a girl every way deserving of so noble a companion. He prospered in business, and grew wealthy—and the bitter mortification occasioned by a contrast of his situation in life with mine, added another sting of reproach to my conscience. I felt myself a degraded being—punished seven-fold for my folly—and I could no longer brook the commiserating gaze of my former associates. Eventually we left England, and arrived in your city. Lieut. N——, is now a day labourer in your streets. You know the rest."

Such was the sad tale of Mrs. N——; such the calamitous results of a mistaken policy in her early life. She was blinded with the prospect of wealth and fashion, and discarded a worthy lover, because he was poor, to become the wife of a showy Lieutenant. Her gay companions undoubtedly sustained her choice—the world called it a brilliant match, and brilliant it may have been for a moment, but for that moment of pleasure, what years of bitter anguish were experienced.

Errors of this character are by no means isolated cases. Where wealth is considered the standard of pretensions, they must frequently occur; for riches add neither merit to the mind, nor strength to well-formed principles; but rather increase than diminish the temptations which cross the path of the inexperienced. The attraction of wealth, strictly speaking, is adventitious; and it is the rock upon which the happiness and domestic felicity of thousands are stranded. Such results must be frequent, so long as the union of purses is considered of more importance than the union of kindred hearts. True nobility of mind, pure principles, benevolence of disposition, and that deference to the opinions, the feelings and the errors of others, which invariably distinguishes the man of cultivated intellect, and which forms the basis of all happy matrimonial unions, are not contingent upon birth or wealth. Perhaps, in a majority of cases, they are found separate and apart from those sparkling attractions of idleness and luxury, which the generality of mankind consider indispensible in all judicious alliances.

It may be vain, under certain circumstances, to combat popular delusions, but it can never be vain to repeat indisputable facts, of essential importance to the welfare of mankind. The truths of which I speak, are substantiated by the experience of every man of observation. Hundreds and thousands of virtuous and accomplished females, are yearly sacrificed—their hearts rendered desolate—their hopes of happiness annihilated—their peace of mind forever destroyed—on the unholy altar of mammon, by ill-timed and improper connexions, originating in sordid motives of pecuniary advantage. A fearful responsibility rests upon those who coerce alliances which eventuate in these appalling results.

Some weeks after the above interview, N—— died. His continued excesses had undermined his constitution, and rendered him a weak, miserable and enervated being. His violence, while in a state of inebriation, rendered it necessary, for the safety of his family, and the peace of society, to confine him in the alms-house. He left the world in a state of delirium, insensible to the change which was stealing over him, and unconscious of the accountability of man to his God. His widow wept—his children hung over his rough coffin in lamentation, but the tear of sorrow which fell from the Christian's eye, was shed for the dark fate of an infatuated, a deluded mortal, and not for the exit of one who had lived only to occasion misery, and entail reproach. The grave of the virtuous man is planted with flowers, but the tomb of the drunkard is overgrown with noxious weeds. His existence is obliterated from the mind, for none would call him back to life. Neglected by those whose happiness he has blasted, he lies, awaiting the epoch which will dissolve time, in his cold and gloomy cell,

"Unnoticed, unhonored and unsung."

Three months had elapsed, when I again saw Mrs. N——. I knew she was not in want, and I was unwilling to obtrude when I could render no service. She was cheerful, for her weight of woe had been removed, and she surprised me with an announcement that she was about to return, with her youngest daughter, to England.

"And leave Mary here?" I enquired.

"Yes. She positively refuses to accompany us."

"Surely, Mary," said I, "you will not consent to a separation?"

Her look of embarrassment sufficiently explained the cause.

"Tell me, then," I resumed, taking her delicate hand, "who it is that would separate the best of daughters, from the most affectionate of parents. Is his name George?"

The shade of confusion deepened on her brow, and convinced me that I was not in error. From a mischievous motive, I added:

"He of whom you once borrowed—"

"Spare me," she interrupted, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "that debt is long since paid; but George declares I have incurred others, which it will require a life-time to discharge. Would you have me go away in his debt?"

The nuptials were solemnized before the departure of Mrs. N——. I had the honour of being present, and as I noticed the smile of delight on the manly and open face of the worthy George, the elegant form, and the soft, winning manner of the devoted Mary—as I saw the evidences of pure and ardent love, in every word and look of the happy couple, and heard the solemn and heart-felt appeal to Heaven, for a blessing upon their plighted faith, from the lips of the clergyman, I inaudibly remarked, if there is no love *here*, love is a mere delusion—if there is *no* happiness *here*, happiness is unknown to the human heart.

PENSER A MOI.

Penser a Moi! when sad and lone,
My ears no other sound ha heard,
And echo swells in sweetest tone,
Penser a Moi! the parting word.

And if perchance, my feet should rove
To hallowed scenes of early joy,
The murm'ring of the woods, and grove,
Seems but to say, Penser a Moi!

Penser a Moi! how sad, yet dear,
The gentle words fell on my heart,
The beating pulse, the starting tear,
The ashy check—and we must part.

Penser a Moi! it bids me wake
The memory of those vanished hours,
When thro' the woods, and tangled brake,
We wound our way 'mid blooming flowers.

The music of the murm'ring stream,
That kiss'd our weary, wand'ring feet—
The feather'd warbler's varied theme,
Our rudely chisel'd rock, seat.

How often memory loves to trace
That scene of bliss, without alloy,
When gazing on each other's face,
We've fondly said, Penser a Moi!

Penser a Moi! tho' years should roll,
Remembrance still shall gently cast
Her shadow o'er my trusting soul,
And brightly pictures forth the past.

The past—yes, on the past I'll live,
Those early scenes of purest joy,—
That image, dear remembrance, give!
And then awake, Penser a Moi! LELIA.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

HANNAH MORE.

The delightful jeu d'esprit which follows this paragraph, was written by Mrs. Hannah More, while passing a few days at St Albans, in the year 1788, with Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Pepys. She had employed herself in knitting a pair of stockings for one of Mrs P.'s children, and with them sent the subjoined letter. It may be questioned if any modern *Bas Bleu* could write so pleasantly on a subject so unpoetical, and apparently so unproductive as a *Bas Blanc.*

THE BAS BLANC, Dear Madam: I beg leave to dedicate the enclosed work, the fruit of a days' leisure at St. Albans, to either of your little children, of whose capacity of receiving it, you will be the best judge upon trial; for there is a certain fitness, without which the best works are of little value. Though it is so far of a moral cast that its chief end is utility, yet I hope that the child will be able to run through it with pleasure. I may say, without vanity, that it is formed upon the precepts of the great masters of the Epopœa, with but few exceptions. The subject is simple, but it has a beginning, middle and end. The exordium is the natural introduction, by which you are let into the whole work; the middle, I trust, is free from any unnatural tumor or inflation, and the end from any disproportionate littleness. I have avoided bringing about the catastrophe too suddenly, as I know that would hurt him at whose feet I lay it—for the same reason I took care to shun too pointed a conclusion, still reserving my greatest acuteness for this part of my subject.

I had materials for a much longer work, but the art to stop, has always appeared to me to be no less the great secret of a poet, than the art to blot, and whoever pursues this work will see that I could not have added another line, without such an unravelling as would have greatly perplexed the conclusion.

My chief care has been, to unite the two great essentials of composition—ease and strength. I do not pretend to have paid any great attention to the passions—and yet I hope my work will not be found deficient either in warmth or softness—but these will be better felt than expressed. Now and then, partly from negligence and partly from tenuity, I have broken the thread of my narration, but have proved it so happily, that none but the eye of a professor, which looks into the interior, will detect it—and the initiated are generally candid, because they are in the secret. What little ornament there is, I have bestowed, not injudiciously I trow, on the slenderest part. You will find but one episode, and even that does not obstruct the progress of the main subject; and for parallels, I will be bold to say that Plutarch does not furnish one so perfect. The rare felicity of this species of composition is, the bold attempt to unite poetry with mechanism, for which, see the clock-work in the third section. As all innovation is a proof of a false taste or a fantastic vanity, I was contented to use the old machinery in working up this piece. I have taken care not to overlay the severe simplicity of the ancients (my great precursors in this walk) with any finery of my own invention; and, like other moderns, you will find I have failed only in proportion as I have neglected my model. After all I wish the work may not be thought too long; but of this, he to whose use it is dedicated, will be the best judge—his feelings must determine, and that is a decision from which there lies no appeal, for in this case, as in most others, *le tact* is a surer standard than the rule. I beg your pardon for so tedious a preface to so slight a performance, but the subject has been near my heart as often as I have had the work in hand; and as I expect it will long survive all my other productions, I am desirous to deposit it in the Pepys Collection, humbly hoping that, though neither delineated nor mutilated, it may be found as useful as many a black letter manuscript of more recondite learning.

I am, dear madam, &c, &c,
L'AMIE DES ENFANS.

A LOVE LETTER.

Dr. Doddridge's love letters have been published, and it must be allowed that they were written in a style entirely his own. In one of them he writes as follows:—"To-day you have been telling me you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man with a good estate! I leave you to judge whether it be possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness; and if it be not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How, then, do you imagine I can put any confidence in the assurances you gave me of your love, when you can see so continually contradicting them? For, do you not contradict them when you talk of discharging me for the sake of money? I always thought, my dear creature, you had been remarkable both for good sense and religion. But I own I do not see how it is reconcilable with either, to throw aside those entertainments of a rational, a friendly, and a religious nature, which you yourself think you may find in me, merely that you may eat and drink more sumptuously, and wear better clothes, with some of those people whom the word of God already brands as fools. Madam, I must presume so far as to say that it is neither the part of a christian nor a friend to keep me in such a continual uneasiness. You enjoin me for business, devotion, or company, and, in short, make my very life burdensome by the incessancy of your behaviour. Let me therefore most earnestly entreat you not entirely to dismiss me, which God forbid, but resolutely to remember your promises, and not to allow yourself those unbounded liberties of saying every thing that the vanity of your own dear excellent heart may prompt you to utter, without considering how I am able to bear it."

STANZAS.

Thou little star, that, in yon purple cloud,
Hang'st like a dew-drop in a violet bed,—
First gem of evening, glittering 'mid the shroud,
'Neath whose dark folds the day lies cold and dead!
As thro' my tears my soul looks up at thee,
Loathing the clayey chains that bind it here,
There comes a fearful thought, that misery
Perhaps is found e'en in thy distant sphere.

Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,
The Heritage of death, disease, decay—
A wilderness like that we wander in,
Where all things fairest soonest pass away?
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,
O'er which Affection, weeping, bows her head,—
Where Hope's bright wings in the dark dust are furl'd,
And living hearts lie buried with the dead?

Perchance they do not die that dwell in thee;
Perchance their's is a darker doom than our's:
Unreasoned toil, and endless misery,
And striving that hath neither days nor hours!
Horrible dream! Oh dark and dismal path,
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave thee,
Earth *has* one boon for all her children—death:
Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,—
Give me my birth-right—give the grave—the grave!
F. A. K.

MISS LANDON.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON! Burke said that ten thousand swords ought to have leaped out of their scabbards at the mention of the name of Marie Antoinette; and in like manner we maintain, that ten thousand pens should leap out of their inkbottles to pay homage to L. E. L., in Burke's tune, Jacobinism had banished chivalry—at least, out of France—and the swords remained unbared for the queen; we shall prove, that our pens shall be unsheathed for the poetess.

As to writing the history of her birth, education, and all other such particulars, we must decline so doing for many reasons of which we may specify one, viz: that we look upon it as the most fruitless of all things to inquire into the chronological history of any lady—in which sentiment, it will be seen on examination, that all the compilers of all the peerages agree with us. Nor shall we deal in ourselves by long details of her works. *Quæ regio in terris!* says Virgil: but we forget; we are writing about a lady, and must adjure Latinising, and content ourselves by paraphrasing Virgil's question in English, and ask, in which quarter of our literary world is not L. E. L. known and admired? From her *Improvisatrice* (a word puzzling to pronounce to the average natives of Cockney-land, and which she, not having the fear of Della Crusca before her eyes, spelt with a single o, thereby deluding into that practice many ingenious young gentlemen and ladies,) which, we believe, was her first work published in the substantive shape of a volume, to her last illustrations of the gatherings of Fisher or Heath, through the verse of her *Golden Violet* and the prose of her *Romance and Reality*, all her works have been favourites with every body, but especial pets of the press. We do not doubt that the forthcoming *Francesca Carrara* will receive an *accueil* equally favourable.

There is too much about love in them, some crossgrained critic will say. How, Sagacities, can there be too much of love in a young lady's writings? we reply in a question. Is she to write of politics, or political economy, or pugilism, or punch? Certainly not. We feel a determined dislike of women who wander into these unfeminine paths; they should immediately hoist a mustache—and, to do them justice, they in general do exhibit no incontestable specimen of the hair-lip. We think Miss L. E. L. has chosen the better part. She shews every now and then that she is possessed of information, feeling, and genius, to enable her to shine in other departments of poetry; but she does right in thinking that Sappho knew what she was about when she chose the tender passion as the theme for women.

Whether she merely writes on this theme as a matter of abstract poetry, or whether there is any thing less unsubstantial to inspire the sentiments of her flowing verses, is a question which we have no right to ask; but this we shall say, that she is a very nice, unbiassed critic indeed, well dressed, and trim looking young lady, fond of sitting pretty much as Croquins (who has hit her likeness admirably) has depicted her, in neat and carefully-arrayed costume, at her table, chatting, in pleasant and cheering style, with all and sundry who approach her. The only verses of which we ever knew Archibald Constable, the bookseller, to be guilty—and these, the erudite reader will perceive, are not altogether original—were in praise of Miss Landon, whom he met while travelling to Yorkshire:

"I truly like thee, L. E. L.;
The reason why I cannot tell:
But this is fact, I know full well,
That I do like thee, L. E. L."

And the quatrain of the bibliopole will be cheerfully agreed to by all who knew her; though they, not being under the necessity of parodying the epigram of Dr. Fell, will probably be afforded sufficient reasons.

But why is she Miss Landon?
"A fault like this should be corrected," as Whistlecraft says.—*Fraser's Mag.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

BRIEF SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

At two o'clock, P. M., our ship anchored in the Mersey, directly opposite Liverpool. We had but an imperfect view of the town, as it was completely enveloped, like all English towns, in a dense cloud of smoke. After dinner, we went on board a steam boat, which came alongside to convey the passengers ashore. I might here remark, that the steam-boats in this country are miserable affairs; at least as far as it relates to their external appearance. They can no more be compared, *in point of beauty* (it may be a Yankee prejudice), to those of my own country, than a ruined castle to a magnificent palace. So much for a comparison.

At the recommendation of the Captain, a number of us took lodgings at the Star and Garter Hotel—one of the principal public houses in Liverpool. Here we found every comfort and accommodation. The guest may be furnished at a moment's warning, with any thing his palate may crave, from a cup of coffee to a joint of roast beef. (Roast-beef! oh, immortable Johony Bull! here, indeed, dost thou claim precedence over the kindred of every other land: commend me to the French for soups; but to *thee* will I ever fly for savoury mutton-chops, and exquisite beef-steaks.)

While the tea was preparing, I walked out to survey the town, and take a peep at the fashions. The ladies are beautiful, and remarkable for a healthy and florid complexion. I need scarcely set it down, that the houses are built, some of brick—some of granite.

The streets, although irregular, are generally of a sufficient width, and tolerably clean.

In the evening I visited St. Peter's Church. The congregation were plain in their attire; and the interior of the church, such as to correspond with the simplicity of Christian worship. I was struck with the appearance of the cemetery. There were no proud monuments to perpetuate the memories of the dead. The only record was a plain granite slab, with an inscription, over which you walk to and from the church.

THE MARKET.

In the morning I visited St. John's Market. This is an extensive building, well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. It is built principally of brick, and in the plainest style of architecture. It has upwards of one hundred large windows, (so says the guide-book,) which afford a sufficient light, and serve to ventilate the house. At night it is brilliantly lighted up with gas. The hall is paved with large flagstones; the roof supported by cast-iron pillars; and the interior is divided into avenues, five in number, each of which is specially appropriated to particular articles of provision. The laws regulating the market are severe, and some of them rigidly enforced.

The corporation have ordained that nothing but provisions shall be exposed here for sale, and any thing which is purchased, must not be again vended within the walls, under a penalty of 10s. When an article is bought, requiring to be weighed, the purchaser must pay the officer appointed for that purpose, 1d. for a Cwt., or 1 d. if under a Cwt. There are *carriers*, known by their badges, whose duty it is to carry home any article purchased, if the purchasers see proper to employ them. They are paid according to the weight and distance. No land carts are permitted to be brought into the market. There is also a penalty of 10s. for each person who brings in a dog; this rule, however, I observed was oftentimes infringed. The Liverpool markets receive their chief supplies from Ireland, Scotland, Isle of Man, Anglesea, and some parts of North Wales.

DOCKS.

In the afternoon I visited the docks. They are six in number; and from their magnitude and importance, deserve particular attention. There are three kinds. The most important are the wet-docks for ships in the foreign trade with heavy cargoes. In these the water is retained by the dock gates, so that vessels are afloat at the ebbing as well as the flowing of the tide. The other two are denominated the dry and graving docks; the one is left dry at the ebbing of the tide, and receives coasting vessels; the other is designed for caulking and repairing; the water being admitted or excluded at will.

Bruce's Dock more particularly arrested my attention. It is more than a quarter of a mile in length, and is computed to cover an area of 83,854 square yards. It has locks at each end which are so constructed that vessels may pass in and out at half tide. The dock is built of granite, in the most substantial manner, and is surrounded by a lofty brick wall, through which there is an entrance at each end. Between this enclosure and the river, there is what is called the *marine parade*; which commands a picturesque view of the Cheshire lands, on the opposite shore. Ships from every part of the world, (amounting to not less than fifteen hundred,) were crowded together in Bruce's Dock. The principal part of the American shipping will be found here; and, did I not think it would be regarded as prejudice, I should unhesitatingly say, that our vessels are unrivalled, for beauty, elegance, and superiority of construction, by all others in the world.

ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY.

I rambled of a pleasant afternoon, to St. James's Cemetery. This, for beautiful simplicity, is unsurpassed by any thing of the kind I ever saw. It was originally excavated to a great depth as a quarry, whence the stone was principally taken for the public buildings, and some of the early docks. It is surrounded with a promenade, one part of which is elevated several feet above the level of the earth, and beautifully decorated with shrubs and trees. From this elevation, we look down into the hallowed repository below, where

"The warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue."

And while I am in a poetical mood, I will quote still further, from the same eloquent poet:

"Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome, vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongued shrew,
Mock as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The down-right clown, and priestly well-bred:
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time."

On the north-east side of this cemetery, there are three walls, partly natural, and partly artificial, rising one above the other, with a promenade on the top of each. Along each of these, vaults or catacombs have been perforated into the sand rock, where the dead found their "last resting-place." The arena below, is divided off into serpentine walks, interspersed with flowers and shrubbery, and here and there a solitary grave. The northern entrance, for foot passengers, is a narrow, winding path, which has been cut with much labour and expense, through a solid rock. The whole expense of this cemetery, has been estimated at £40,000 sterling, which may give some idea of its grandeur and magnificence. R.

From the Sunday School Journal.

RELIGION IN ETHIOPIA.

Extracted from Russell's History of Nubia and Abyssinia. London and New York. 1833.

We have alluded to the singular fact, that Abyssinia, which received the Christian faith at an early period, has remained it, amid a great variety of fortune, down to the present day. The arms and the policy of the Moslem, which prevailed in Egypt, Asia Minor, the northern shores of Africa, and even over a large portion of Greece, could not make any permanent impression among the Ethiopians. A famous war, it is true, raged between the Mohammedan chief, who took possession of the country near Adel, and the king of the Amumites; but it does not appear that, either by conquest or negotiation, the tenets of the Koran were ever admitted into any of the Abyssinian provinces.

This distinction will be found the more remarkable when we consider the imperfect means used for establishing the gospel in that remote kingdom, and we may add, the rather defective form in which it was received by the new converts. The principles of Christianity were not expounded there by the apostles, nor by their personal missionaries, as at Corinth, Ephesus, Galatia, and Thessalonica; and yet while the seven churches of Asia have left nothing but a name in the page of ecclesiastical history the believers in Ethiopia, who fifteen hundred years ago "stretched out their hands unto God," still glory in their ancient creed.

There is another peculiarity in regard to this people, so far at least as their connexion with this part of the world is considered, which is, that it is chiefly through the medium of your religious attachments their civil affairs have been made known among European nations. So soon as it was rumored that a Christian state existed on the eastern coast of Africa surrounded by bigoted Mussulmans and infidel pagans, a deep interest was excited among all classes of men. Kings, warriors, merchants and navigators, were seized with a pious curiosity to know the actual condition of a people whose industry, they concluded, must be strange, and who, if they should require it were entitled as brethren in the faith to their aid and protection. The legend, too, respecting Prester John, had its full influence in animating their zeal in the search of a monarch whose name was associated in their minds with every sentiment of veneration and wonder.

We have already had more than once occasion to allude to the story of Frumentius, who is usually supposed to have conveyed to Abyssinia the knowledge of the Christian faith. In company with a fellow-student, he was under the care of Meropius, a philosopher, when the ship in which they sailed happened to be wrecked on the Ethiopian coast. The preceptor was murdered by the barbarians, but the lives of the two pupils were spared; after which occurrence the young men were conducted to Axum, where their accomplishments soon promoted for them an honorable employment at court. It is even said that, through the influence of the queen, Frumentius was appointed tutor to the prince her son, during whose minority the seeds of the gospel were sown by the zealous stranger.

On his return to Egypt he communicated to Athanasius, who at that time filled the patriarch's chair the success which had attended his first endeavors to disseminate the principles of the true religion. To enable him to complete the good work which he had so auspiciously begun, he was forthwith clothed with the episcopal character, and sent back as Bishop of Axum. But his progress was soon afterward interrupted by the prevalence of the Arian heresy, which, being patronized by Constantius, was so extensively propagated throughout the empire, that at length it signalized its triumph by the degradation of the distinguished divine, whom, as we have just noticed, occupied the patriarchal throne of Alexandria. We have repeatedly mentioned the letter which the emperor wrote to the brothers Aizana and Sezana, who exercised a joint power at Axum, denouncing their bishop, and requesting that he might be sent to the Egyptian capital, where, "by

COUNTING-HOUSE ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR 1835.

MONTHS.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JANUARY					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
FEBRUARY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MARCH	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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APRIL				1	2	3	4
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May						1	2
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	31						
JUNE		1	2	3	4	5	6
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JULY				1	2	3	4
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OCTOBER						1	2
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NOVEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	29	30					
DECEMBER			1	2	3	4	5
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	27	28	29	30	31		

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, January 3.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ All communications from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.

To Readers and Correspondents.

When advising the publisher respecting subscribers, please always mention at what post office the paper is received.

"The gentleman who communicates, from Morrisville, the particulars of a recent accident, is informed that no articles of that character are inserted without the responsibility of a known name.

"M. J. H." we beg to decline.

"V. L. B." is less agreeable than usual. There is but little attraction in rhymes that that are destitute of both sentiment and *point*.

"A Rejected," is not to our liking. The author seems to have but little mercy for the King's English.

"Romanza" is informed, that we consider puffs of writing masters in the light of advertisements, and that advertisements in our paper are charged.

MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.—The January number of this work, now published by Mr. Adam Waldie, has just appeared, considerably enlarged and improved. It is embellished with a drawing of Grant Thorburn, Esq. of New York, and furnishes a large variety of very interesting articles, from the leading European Reviews and Magazines.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The first number of the 6th volume of this popular work, reached us on Thursday. The contents are exclusively original, and embrace contributions from Percival, Professor Longfellow, Mrs. Pierce Butler, R. Morris, Esq., M. Carey, Esq., Miss M. A. Browne, sister of Mrs. Hemans, W. G. Clark, Esq., Dr. Bird, and other popular writers. The articles are of a high order of literary merit, and the present number will prove a rich intellectual treat to all admirers of taste and genius. We shall furnish some extracts in our next paper.

SLEIGHING.—The snow which fell on Monday, afforded fine sleighing for a day or two, and our city was enlivened with the jingling of bells and the cracking of whips, as long as it lasted. On Tuesday, every thing in the shape of a sleigh was filled to overflowing, and Chesnut street presented a brilliant array of beauty and fashion. In the evening the hotels in the vicinity of the city were crowded with gay citizens, seeking amusement to the dance.

☞ As it is sometimes impossible for our agents to call personally on our subscribers for the collection of dues, we have deemed it expedient to make out bills against all who are in arrears, and forward them in their respective papers. We trust that these bills, in every case, will receive prompt attention. The amounts may be paid to our agents, or remitted direct to us by mail. It being absolutely necessary at the close of the year, to pay off all old scores, we trust our delinquent subscribers will not be backward in complying with this request.

We publish on our fourth page, as one of our promised improvements, a representation of January, engraved expressly for this paper. Engravings of all the months will appear in regular order.

List of Insolvents,

Who have applied to the Judges of the court of Common Pleas, of Philadelphia, for the benefit of the several acts of insolvency, and who will be heard, at the County Court house, on Wednesday, 7th January, 1835, at 10 o'clock, P. M.

[Compiled for this Paper.]

John Wright, laborer, county of Philada.
David Casperson, gentleman, city of Philada.
Aaron F. Cox, printer, city of Philada.
Christo. her Cooney, carter, Prosperous alley.
Niel McGunnigle, Southwark, gentleman.
James Loan, Moyamensing, cordwainer.
Henry Wood, Moyamensing, trader.
Joseph Delavan, cordwainer, back of 113 German st.
Abraham Derickson, carter, Hurst st.
Benj. Lang, porter, 9th ab. Carpenter st. Moyamensing.
Wm. Fuller, mariner, Gillis's alley.
Isaac Hamilton, carter, Tulmarsh st. Moyamensing.
Richard Richardson, barber, Dock above 2d st.
John Curran, blacksmith, Small st. Moyamensing.
Owen Doran, weaver, Bedford st. Moyamensing.
Michael Young, laborer, Germantown.
George Godshall, house carpenter, 93 Race st.
Charles J. Clark, cordwainer, 231 south 4th st.
Ebenezer W. Bird, silver-smith, Chimnan near Front st. Southwark.
Alan T. Smith, silversmith, 27 north 5th st.
John Burns, mariner, Penn street below Pine st.
Joseph Raphile, tobacconist, South between 3d and George st. Southwark.
Peter Wilong, house carpenter, Manayunk.
Samuel Warner, oak cooper, No. 785 south Front st.
Wm. Woodman, plasterer, Catharine st. below the Passyunk Road.
Wm. Penner, tobacconist, 213 north Front st.
Christian Baumbauer, labourer, Unincorporated N. L.
Charles Ott, laborer, Manayunk.
Amzea Burgess, boss sawer, Parker st. Moyamensing.
Charles Boyle, weaver, 7th st. Moyamensing.
Charles C. Sutton, cotton spinner, Manayunk.
Wm. Williams, bricklayer, county of Philada.
Wm. Phillips, last maker, Walnut above 2d st.
Francis Morris, stone mason, 9th between Market and Filbert sts.
John R. Prince, accountant, Race above 12th st.
John Kennedy, chair maker, Front st. above Poplar Lane, N. L.
Wm. Frylefter, laborer, Germantown.
Thomas E. F. Bramhall, father, Blockley township, Philadelphia co.
John Armstrong, stone mason, Milton st. Moyamensing.
Peter Arnold, house carpenter, 12th above Vine st. Penn Township.
Robt. B. Marlue, house carpenter, Mary st. Southwark.
Charles S. Williams, last maker, Walnut above 2d st.
Wm. M. Dunning, weaver, 379 north 3d st.
Robert Reeves, trader, back of 171 north 2d st.
Ephraim Phillips, house carpenter, 12th near Carpenter st. Moyamensing.
Samuel Rownd, varnisher, George st. Southwark.
George A. Hovey, hatter, south Front near Pine st.
Elijah Z. Brown, copper smith, Maiden st. Kensington.
Jos. Morgan, china manufacturer, St. Joseph's avenue.
Peter Fabre, confectioner, Combs alley, city of Phila.
Wm. Whitecraft, laborer, Moyamensing township.
Richard Hill, late grocer, city of Philada.
John Wise, cabinet maker, Southampton court.
Benj. Young, trader, Brown below 2d street, N. L.
Uriah G. Smith, glass cutter, Beach st. Kensington.
Thomas Flint, cordwainer, Providence court, between 9th and 10th and Race and Vine sts.
Jonah Beaver, paper maker, Germantown.
Joseph Mason, hatter, Carpenter below 3d st.
Edward M. Courtright, Lyle above Fitzwater st.
Henry F. Calder, tailor, Palmer st. Kensington.
John D. Egan, hat lining gilder, 13 Carter's alley.
Robt. Wilson, late merchant, 4th ab. Callowhill, N. L.
Mordecai Asquith, printer, Passyunk, Philada. co.
John Bonnor, laborer, county of Philadelphia.
Wm. Mercerlins, house carpenter, Kensington.
James Bennell, tailor, Philadelphia co.
Stephen H. Attwood, painter and glazier, Wager below Vine st.
Thomas H. Parker, trader, 4th above Green st. N. L.
John Livingston, painter and glazier, Manayunk.
John K. Eater, baker, Passyunk Road, Southwark.
Wm. Pool, carpenter, Manayunk.
Thomas McAdams, laborer, Philadelphia co.
George Agnew, late grocer, Pittston.
James S. Kelpington, laborer, Philada. co.
Charles F. Burger, late baker, Philada. co.
Chas. Esdon, picture frame maker, 310 s. Front st.
Edward N. R. Dicret, late sugar refiner, 22 Garden st. Penn Township.
Robt. Hilton, late manufacturer, Broad near Race st.
John H. Plum, grave maker, 4 Willow court.
James Eccles, oyster house, Front near Lombard.
John Fulton, Turner, 65 Walnut st.
Alex. Baker, late storekeeper, 74 north Fourth st.
Edward Tremayne, Philada.
Budd West, Philada.
Lewis Poppal, taylor, 178 South st.
Robert Boyd, Taylor, 178 South st.
John Mischel, late grocer, Peach st. below Walnut.
Geo. H. Oat, accountant, n. 10th ab. Spring Garden st.
Thomas Stokley, cordwainer, 317 Spruce st.
John Buchannon, brickmaker, Schuylkill 4th st. near Market.
Pat. Kiall, brickmaker, Fitzwater st. between 8th & 9th.
John Valiant, watchmaker, No. — north 2d st.
John Sneider, coachmaker, 361 Market st.
W. M. Billmeyer, printer, 55 Green st.
Nathan Haley, late card maker, 178 Lombard st.
Sam. Blair, gentleman, cor. of Jackson and 5th st. N. L.
Thos. Kendall, Jr. late merchant, Market st. near Broad.
James D. Brown, tailor and late state keeper, north 2d st. near Green, N. L.
Abraham Gumper, parchment manufacturer, 9 Pegg st. N. L.
George Fox, tinsmith, Penn Township.
J. D. Bitting, bricklayer, Green st. N. L.
Levi Wilson, infior, city of Philada.
Caleb P. Sanders, house carpenter, county of Philada.
Isaac J. Rush, tobacconist, Arch Street Prison.
Wm. Brown, house carpenter, No. 5 Mint court.
James Pidgeon, innkeeper, 14 south 5th st.
Wm. Mayell, hatter, Walters' court, N. L.
James McCawley, laborer, Pine st. between Schuylkill Front and Ashton sts.
Ellis Dorrickson, waiter, Walnut st. bet. 10th & 11th.
Thomas Mervine, comb maker, south 5th st. 2d door from Catharine st.
James Hamill, livery stable keeper, Cherry st. between 6th and 7th sts.
Levi Knowles, hatter, Willow st. near 5th N. L.
Cornelius McCarren, bricklayer, 36 Carpenter st.
Wm. Thompson, carpenter, 399 Pine st.
Edward Allen, house carpenter, 115 north 10th st.
Wm. Burge, plasterer, 106 north Budd st.
Arthur Beckman, boat builder, 8n Race st.
Robt. Corbit, laborer, Fitzwater st. and Wagner's alley.
Thos. Fitzwater, house carpenter, Schuylkill 6th near Cherry st.
John Selah, nail packer, Pine st. near Schuylkill.
Edmund R. Badger, gentleman, 41 north 3d st.
Wm. Fletcher, merchant, Debtors' Apartment.
George Crider, tobacconist, 431 north 2d st.
Oliver Spencer, jeweller, 2 Carter's alley.
Jeremiah Degrass, late cordwainer and late grocer, now 115 Lombard st.
Wm. B. Holton, late grocer, S. E. corner of Catharine and 3d sts.
Joseph Evans, turner, 51 Chester st. between Race and Vine and 8th and 9th sts.
Wm. Meredith, baker, Germantown.
John H. McDonald, mariner, 122 south Front st.
Lyon Phillips, merchant, Arch, west of Broad st.
John B. Ward, hatter, 219 north 2d st.
Samuel Beltz, truckman, Moyamensing township.
Charles Lewis, printer, 5th Ward N. L.
Samuel Bennett, apothecary, 79 south 5th st.
Robert Alsop, coach and harness maker, 160 Vine st.
John Barrington, accountant, George st. between Schuylkill 6th and 7th sts.
Nathan Brown, farmer, Unincorporated N. L. near Richmond.
John Cochran, baker, 376 High st.
John J. Jackson, plaer hanger, 79 south 5th st.
John Aitken, ivie bustnsen, Wood st. above 9th.
Jacob W. Newhouse, bleeder and cupper, 156 n. 3d st.
Warner Myers, painter, New Market st. N. L.
Geo. M. Alsop, coach and harness maker, 167 Vine st.
Joseph Azan, formerly distiller, Pine near 5th st.
Francis Provost, grocer, 136 Catharine st.
Benjamin Renshaw, late innkeeper, Spruce between 12th and 13th sts. city of Philada.
Bartholomew Bonner, ink manufacturer, 349 s. 2d st.
Henry Benner, blacksmith, Germantown.
Lewis Eahler, black and white smith, back of 223 north 2d st.
Josiah Ferris, cordwainer, Nectarine st. near 9th.
Samuel R. Groff, carpenter, south side of Arch st. first door west of Broad.
Thomas Brown, turner, Bushley township.
Thomas Worten, trader, 10th st. below Lombard.
Wm. Fowler, carter, Vine st. between 12th and 13th.
Godfrey Brigge, millwright, Laurel st. above Front.
Oliver Campbell, laborer, Washington st. near Callowh.
David Boyd, laborer, Vine st. near 12th.
Patrick Riley, stone mason, Coates st. near Washington.
Philip Bower, cordwainer, county of Philadelphia.
Geo. M. Heckman, innkeeper, 86 Race st.
Wm. Bargeheimer, carpenter, Kensington.
John N. Jack, tailor, Wood st. near 8th.
Isaiah Roberts, cutler, 5 Fern court.
Wm. B. Trout, victualler, Lawrence st. near Noble.
Jesse W. Haus, coach driver, Callowhill st. near Fair Mount.
Samuel Banger, late waterman, county of Philada.
Wm. Long, victualler, 8th st. near Buttonwood.
Isaac Buck, waterman, Marlots lane, Southwark.
James Gibson, laborer, West Kensington.
John Kennedy, late dry good merchant, corner St. Stephen's Place and College Avenue.
John Keast, cordwainer, 2nd st. below Chesnut.
Wm. V. Gartland, printer, corner 5th st. and Appletree alley.
John B. Wies, late baker, 50 Callowhill st.
Jos. Keeney, house carpenter, Apple st. near George's.
Philip J. Weygand, baker, back of 17 Church alley.
James Height, porter, Ruman st. county of Philada.
John Garratt, file cutter, Hamilton Village.
Robert Rodney, laborer, Type alley.
Jacob L. Walton, late contractor, Race st. near Front.
Lewis Mestayer, comedian, Southwark.
John D. Daymon, late innkeeper, 460 south Front st.
George Hood, laborer, 3 Marshall's court.
Ferdinand Bers, jeweller, Germantown Road.
John Reeder, silversmith, 1 Cresson's alley.
Turner Morehead, agent, 138 north 10th st.
John W. Gallindo, innkeeper, N. W. corner of Catharine and Swanson sts.
Robert Patton, innkeeper, Manton Village.
Augustus Larrentree, late innkeeper, 194 Carter's alley.
Thomas L. Hilaman, cordwainer, Type alley.
John Miley, late carter, George's st. west of Sch. 3d st.
Hugh Henry, carter, 105 Juniper st.
Jonas Center, broker, between Market and Arch.
Geo. Welch, cordwainer, Ridge Road.
Peter Simpson, late grocer, corner of Old York Road and Calvert st.
Pearson Horne, hatter, corner of John and Coates st.
John T. James, cordwainer, county of Philadelphia.
Henry Wonderly, marble mason, Laurence st.
Lewis Butterson, late innkeeper, 14 Strawberry st.
Joseph P. Elkinton, druggist, cor. Beach and George st. Schuylkill.
Charles G. Vogel, late innkeeper, Germantown road near 3d st.
Thomas Crist, victualler, Kensington.
Wm. Dickes, house carpenter, Kensington.
Samuel Watson, late constable, N. Liberties.
Andrew P. Stoekdale, printer, 550 south Front st.
Frederick Folk, victualler, Spring Garden.
Samuel Parcels, comb maker, Beach st. Kensington.
Mahlon G. Carlin, painter, Kensington.
Andrew Megee, painter and glazier, N. Liberties.
James Campen, late grocer, 118 south Front st.
John Craig, blacksmith, 208 Green st.
Archibald McCorkle, blacksmith, city of Philada.
Samuel Sommers, wheelwright, Vine st. below 3d.
John O'Brien, laborer, Race st. between 11th and 12th.
James Gurney, brass founder, 7th st. between Zane and Arch st.
Alex. Perot, printer, 174 St. John st. late Lilly alley.
Benjamin W. Brackin, bricklayer, Spring Garden.
David Knithcart, weaver, William st. Kensington.
Wm. L. Jacobs, machinist, Budd st. above Coates.
Wm. Southwell, carpet weaver, Hamilton st.
Jam. a Harbord, late innkeeper, 196 South st.
Ralph Snead Brown, oysterman, 196 South st.
John Paul, weaver, Kensington.
John McCofferty, dyer, Frankford.
James McCofferty, dyer, Frankford.
John Snyder, late innkeeper, Queen st. above Frankford road.
Joseph Harvey, manufacturer, Kensington.
John New, cordwainer, St. John st. near Poplar Lane.
David Tredwell, morocco dresser, Budd st. ab. Green.
John Haley, cordwainer, 8 Noble st.
James Shaw, cordwainer, back of 31 New Market st.
Thomas Williamson, cordwainer, Poplar Lane below 2d st.
Geo. P. Bonnin, auctioneer, Lombard above 9th sts.
Michael F. Groves, late druggist, Southwark.
Wm. Sheldon, carter, Kensington.
John Quinn, laborer, Wood's court Southwark.
Peter Augustin, barber, south 6th st. Moyamensing.
Edward Jenkins, milkman, Christian st. above 4th.
John R. Jackson, accountant, county of Philada.
Wm. Gib s, lime burner, Blockley.
Geo. Wood, carpenter, 80 Gaskill st.
Jesse Smith, Philada.

PENITENTIARY.—Iredell Comly, William Le Count, Robert Allen, James Simpson.

A new kind of Coffee.—A writer in the St. Augustine Herald states, that he has brought under cultivation, in the State of Florida, a new kind of Coffee. It is represented as growing wild in Cuba, as well as on the banks of the Mississippi, in the neighborhood of New Orleans, where it is collected by the French, and used as coffee. The writer supposes it may be cultivated in any of the cotton growing states. He says it improves from age, and in three months after being gathered, is equal to the best green Cuba coffee.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIBRARY.—No. XXII.—The present number of this entertaining work, embraces Uncle Philip's conversation with children, about the Trees of America, and affords much useful information for the juvenile mind. It is embellished with engravings of our principal trees. Uncle Philip is a very entertaining old gentleman, perhaps equally as popular with the rising generation as Peter Parley, one of the most judicious writers of the age. The present is a very instructive book. It is published by Harper & Brothers.

Letters to Ada, from her Brother in law. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This work, by the author of "Father Rowland," "Pleasures of Religion," &c., is assigned as a defiance of the Catholic religion. The author avows his object to be, "to ascertain whether there are any solid grounds on which the tenets of Catholics may repose; whether there is any warrant for them in the bible; whether they were known to the ancient Christians, and whether many of them are not admitted by other denominations." He avoids all recrimination and abuse, and pursues a very judicious course in manifesting charity for the variety of faiths which now exist in the Christian world.

"The Gentlemen's Vade Mecum," is the title of a new weekly newspaper, just commenced in this city by Messrs. Smith & Alexander. It is devoted to dramatic literature, sporting, the turf, fashions, amusements, &c. The first number contains Mrs. Mitford's tragedy of Charles the First, and a variety of articles under the above heads.

The Law Library for *January*, has been published. This number, the first of a new year, as well as the first of a new volume, contains the commencement of "A Practical Treatise on the Law relating to the Office and Duty of Sheriff—comprising the whole of the Duties, Remuneration and Liabilities of Sheriffs, in the Execution and Return of Writs, and in the Election of Knights of the Shire." By Wm. H. Watson, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. This work will be concluded in the February number of the Law Library, which is published by Mr. J. S. Littell, No. 11 George street.

Recollections of a Housekeeper. By Mrs. Clarissa Packard. New York—Harper & Brothers.

This is both an amusing and an instructive book. The authoress, in her personal history, and in detailing the difficulties and trials of housekeeping, gives many valuable hints to females, in regard to domestic matters. Let no one suppose that the work is filled up with recipes for puddings and pies, for such is not the fact. Mrs. Packer treats of character, of human nature, of husbands, children and servants, and presents many pleasing and entertaining incidents, derived from her relationship to those immediately around her. She writes with the spirit and sprightliness of a woman of refinement and education. We earnestly commend her work to all young housekeepers, and to all who are about to assume the duties and responsibilities of the marriage state.

The Young Musicwite, or the Poles in Russia. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a Russian novel from the pen of Michael Zakrasher, a dramatist and poet of some celebrity. It is formed upon the model of Sir Walter Scott's historical romances, which, we are told, are quite popular in Russia. The work was originally translated into English by three Russian ladies of high rank—a mother and her two daughters. It is dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, to whom the manuscript was submitted, and by whom the work was highly commended.

The novel possesses considerable interest—the characters are powerfully drawn, and the incidents are numerous and striking. A bold picture is given of Russian society and manners, and the explanatory notes of the editor—Capt. Frederic Chamier, R. N.—add no little attraction to the work. We have marked some passages in the appendix, but they are necessarily deferred.

FANNY KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

This work has not yet appeared, though public curiosity is on tip-toe to learn the contents of its pages. The editor of the Boston Transcript, alleges that he has obtained, by accident, a few stray leaves from the printing-office in London. He gives the annexed as genuine. We hope it may not prove a fair specimen of the character of the book.

Friday 14th.

"Forget all about it, except that I went all about the town with Colonel ——

* * * * * * *

went to see his Quaker wife, whom I liked very much.

* * * * * * *

Drove all about New York, which more than ever reminded me of the towns in France; passed the Bowery Theatre, which is a handsome, finely proportioned building, with a large brazen eagle plastered on the pediment, for all the world like an insurance mark, or the sign of the spread eagle, this is nefarious! We passed a pretty house, which Colonel —— called an old mansion; mercy on me, him, and it! Old! I thought of Warwick Castle, of Hatfield, of Chequers, of Hopwood—old! and there it stood, with its white pillars, and Italian portico, for all the world like one of our own cat's yesterday grown boxes. Old, quoth! the woods and waters, and skies alone, are old here; the works of men are in the very greenness and unhallowed imperfection of youth; true, 'tis a youth full of vigorous sap, and glorious promise, spring laden with blossoms, foretelling abundant and rich produce, and so let them be proud of it. But the worst of it is, the Americans are not satisfied with glorying in what they are, which, considering the time and opportunities they have had, is matter of glory quite sufficient; they are never happy without comparing this, their sapling, to the giant oaks of the old world, and what can one say to that? Is New York like London? No, by my two troths, it is not; but the oak was an acorn once, and New York will surely, if the world holds together long enough become a *lordly* city, such as we know of beyond the sea.

Went in the evening to see Wallack act the Brigand; it was his benefit, and the house was very good. As for the Brigand, 'tis a most unsatisfactory piece of patchwork. The substance—green velvet breeches, and a Tarantella, big whiskers, and blood thirsty guises, guitar playing, and guilty consciences. The essence—never beget children out of wedlock, and send them and their mothers to the dogs; for if you do, you will certainly shoot your own son, and see him die clenching his fist, and making an awful face at you, which is a very dreadful thing to happen to any gentleman. Wallack is perfection in this sort of thing, yet there were one or two blunders even in his melodramatic acting of this piece; however, he looks very like the thing, and it is very nice to see—once."

GEOLOGY OF MAINE.

The Advertiser, published at Ellsworth, Me. furnishes an interesting article on the Mineralogy of Hancock county, in which it is stated that in the towns of Bluehill and Sullivan, is situated the finest quarry of granite to be found in the United States, beneath which is supposed to be a bed of bituminous coal. The following are the reasons which are given for entertaining this supposition:

"It has been noticed for a number of years by the inhabitants of a point of land formed by the junction of Morgan and Bluehill bays, about three miles to the Eastward of Bluehill village, that many of the rocks on the shore, had the appearance of being *burnt* on one side or end, while the other portion was perfectly fair,—that some clefts in the rock exhibited the same phenomena on the sides of the fracture,—and that as the sea washed away the shore, these appearances became more frequent. The portion of the rocks on which these indications appeared, were observed to be more numerous on a certain point of land. A piece which would burn was found by a poor man by the name of McFarlane, who supposing that there might be coal beneath, purchased the land, dug down two or three feet in the broken rocks, and found a quantity of COAL, *which would ignite and burn freely by applying it to a candle, and had the appearance and smell of the Liverpool Coal.* This discovery was made a short time since, and there being contradictory statements made concerning it, we determined to visit the place and examine the fact ourself. We found rocks having the appearance of being burnt, scattered in various places along the shore for about a mile; one would suppose from their appearance that they had been put in the fire and burnt to a brand, the extremity being perfectly black, and so soft that it could be crushed in the fingers. This portion will not ignite, as it consists of Quartz and Feldspar partly decomposed, the rock being distinctly observable in its formation. The place where the Coal was dug out, was about three feet deep, and it appeared in greater quantities at the bottom than near the surface. The granite ledge, lies principally on the farm of Mr. James Means, and no doubt can be entertained, if the Coal exists in any quantity, that it forms the foundation of the quarry. We are led to this conclusion from the fact that the superstructure of Bituminous Coal mines is either granite, or porcelean clay, a decomposition of the granite; and the strata found over Anthracite Coal is a dark slate. The fact of Coal being found in Bluehill there can be no doubt of; we have taken it from the spot where it was found, and it has been pronounced pure."

The Advertiser says, that several beds of *iron ore*, one of which at Bass Harbor, Mt. Desert, has been pronounced the most valuable in the United States, have been found in that section. Sulphuret of Iron also exists in large quantities in various places, and plumbago, lead and silver, have been found in Bluehill and vicinity.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We are told that the late disastrous fire at Snow Hill, embraced but two buildings that were insured. The losses sustained by fires throughout the country, fall, in five cases out of six, upon persons who are not insured, and yet there are insurance companies in most, or all of the states, which would gladly for a very small sum, take all the risks upon their shoulders. In every county at least throughout the Union, there ought to be an insurance company, and if every house was insured, the premium upon each, would scarcely be an appreciable sum.

Shocking Death.—Tuesday morning, a man by the name of George Newman, about 30 years of age, was found on a limekiln at the foot of Lombard street, Schuylkill, broiled nearly to death. The evening previous, being intoxicated, it is supposed that he fell in the kiln and was suffocated by the flames.

Upwards of 100 tons of coal from the mines left by Mr. Girard to the City, have been brought to our wharves. The quality of the coal is excellent. The name is one of the richest in the world; and will probably at once produce a large revenue to the city.

We are requested to state, says the Baltimore Chronicle, that our city is now literally inundated with spurious twenty-five cent pieces of the comcoin of 1832, being pewter washed with silver, and so admirably executed as to deceive the most cautious without *sounding* them on the desk or counter.

We learn from the Cincinnati Republican that the steamboat Champlain, which left St. Louis on the 11th instant for Cincinnati, ran upon a snag near midnight, and sank immediately afterwards. It is supposed that three or four of her passengers were drowned. The steamboat Constantion was near at hand at the time of the accident, and was of great service in enabling the passengers, on the following day, to recover their baggage.

They are making another effort to raise the fallen opera in New York. Their perseverance deserves commendation; but will not we apprehend, be rewarded with success. An opera is not wanted in this country; and the company had better be provided with means to return to Italy, than encouraged to stay and meet repeated failure and enhanced difficulties.

A fire took place in the town of Hamilton, Ohio, on the evening of the 14th ult. which did considerable damage. It commenced in a building north of the Court House occupied by H. W. Stay. The intelligencer of that place, gives great credit to the ladies for their active exertions in putting out the fire, whilst some of the other sex stood idly looking on.

Flour.—In looking over an Havana price current, we were struck with the difference between the market price of Spanish and that of American flour, the former being $11½ to $12 per barrel, and the latter $14 to $15. The wheat of Spain, we believe, is equal to that of any other country, and the difference in the flour must be occasioned by its imperfect manufacture.

One of the hands belonging to the schooner Optic, lying at Judd's wharf, New York, named John L. Monmer, while in a state of intoxication, was drowned in attempting to go aboard of Thursday night about 9 o'clock.

We have seen a letter from Washington, stating that Messrs. Moore, Mangum and Black, will not resign their seats in the Senate, in consequence of the instructions from the Legislatures of their respective states, to cancel the votes they gave at the last session of Congress.

Ebenezer Indlow, formerly a respectable mechanic, was picked up in the streets of New York on Tuesday evening, completely exhausted and carried to the almshouse, where he died next day. He had of late become an habitual drunkard.

It is stated by the Commercial Gazette, of Boston, that the number of divorces in the United States per year amount to two thousand!!

Mary Connada, picked up in the street of N. York on Tuesday evening, in a state of gross intoxication, and carried to the upper police, died there in the course of the night.

The comb factory of Messrs. Welch & Pratt, a mile west of the meeting house at Meriden, Conn. has been destroyed by fire, books and papers lost. Loss $10,000.

The Missouri Catholic Telegraph states that the New Catholic Cathedral at St. Louis, was consecrated on Sunday October 26th, by the *discharge of cannon and ringing of bells!* The same paper mentions that there were present at the consecration four Bishops, twenty-eight Priests, and a considerable number of young candidates for the holy ministry.

The Boston Advocate of Friday says,—"Francis Ruez, one of the crew of the Panda, who has for some days been furiously deranged in Leverett street prison, has now settled down into quiet melancholy, and keeps his bed. It is remarkable, that throughout his derangement, Ruez has made no allusion to any act connected with the robbery of the Mexican. He has talked much of his family, and appealed to Americans for protection."

The barque Hamet, which arrived at this port on Wednesday last, has brought the balance of the iron required for the completion of the second track of Allegheny Portage Rail Way.

The sum of 200,000 dollars has been subscribed in New Orleans, for the purpose of building a Hotel in that city, at the corner of St. Charles and Commerce streets.

The two sailors, who were arrested for being concerned in a mutiny and beating the officers of ship Waverly, in Mobile bay, have been sentenced to a long imprisonment. Six others, who made their escape, have not been taken.

Snow.—The Baltimore Chronicle of Monday says—"It commenced snowing on Sunday night last, about ten o'clock, and continued without intermission throughout Monday, and had not ceased at 10 o'clock last night. The snow now lies from two to three feet deep."

The good people of Baltimore are at present honored with a visitation from a set of customers who carried to Philadelphia as long as they found it safe. Every paper from Baltimore contains accounts of house breaking. We imagine from the fact that one of the detected thieves wore a Philadelphia made hat, that he was concerned in the robbery of the hat store in Chesnut above Second street.

A letter from a member of the Virginia Legislature mentions the death of two members of that body—not, however, it is added by cholera.

Petersburgh Rail Road.—Nearly forty miles of the Richmond and Fredericksburgh Rail Road, it is stated, will be put under contract during the present week.

Serious fire.—The comb factory in Meriden, Conn., was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 12th instant, together with all its contents; not even the books being saved. The loss is estimated at ten thousand dollars.

Several stores in N. York have been broken open and robbed within the last week or ten—among them the dry goods store of Messrs. Fitch & Brady, which was entered on Tuesday night last, and plundered of property to a considerable amount.

The Annapolis Republican thinks it is time for those who reside upon the waters of the Chesapeake, to begin to think of their exposed situation in case a French fleet should enter the bay; and compliments Mr Kent of the Senate, for having brought before that body a resolution for an *immediate* appropriation towards commencing fortifications at Annapolis.

Mr. Gregory Beaubier, of Linnell's Island, Orleans, while returning from Brownville, where he had been on business, was thrown from his horse, and dragged a considerable distance over the frosty ground. He was taken up dreadfully injured, and died after lingering two days.

Painted.—One of our late Western Exchanges says: "The Eastern papers are quite barren of interesting matters. There has not been a *riot at the East for several weeks.*"

"Where's Tom gone?" said a cockney of Gotham to his friend. "Gone," replied the latter, "to ruisticate." "Where's that?" said the cockney. "A small town back of Hudson," rejoined his friend.

Attempt at Assassination.—On the evening of the 27th ult., about eight o'clock, Capt. Thomas Dunnock, of a respectable commercial firm of New Orleans, on his way from his residence to his counting house, was way-laid by two individuals, who attempted his life.

Fortunate and Unfortunate.—Thomas Nelson, formerly a news-collector of the port of Baltimore, drew one quarter of ten thousand dollars, but lost his ticket on the morning of the drawing.

FROM LIMA.—The Providence Journal says, "We learn by a letter received in this city from the Hon. Samuel Larned, our Charge des Affairs at Lima, that the internal difficulties in Peru had in a great measure subsided, and that he should embark for this country on leave of absence about the first of January."

The Tallahassee Floridian of the 13th inst. says:—"Gov. Eaton and Lady, arrived in town last Thursday evening. He will immediately enter on the duties of his office. A salute was fired immediately after his arrival, and a public dinner will be given him this day by a large number of our citizens. For several months past, the Executive duties have devolved on Mr. Walker, who has discharged them in such a manner as to secure the approbation of all parties."

Tenth District, Mass.—It having been officially announced that there was no election, at the last trial, of a member of Congress in this district, the Governor and council have appointed Monday, the 19th day of January next, for another. The votes on the second trial were, Bayles, (whig,) 2407. Borden, (anti-mason,) 2276.—Scattering, 128.

Lord Lyndhurst, Chancellor of Great Britain, was son of Copley the painter, and was born in Boston, from which place he sailed for England the 18th April 1776, the day preceding the battle of Lexington. The late Mrs. Gardiner Greene of Boston is sister to the Lord Chancellor.

Theodore Chalaid, of Lyons, a Frenchman, was brought up to the New York police and committed to prison for wounding, in several places, with a knife, a man named James Daws. So violent was the attack on the injured man, that the blade of the knife was broken in his body, where it remained at the time he was carried to the hospital.

Somewhat of an increase of value.—A plantation on the Mississippi containing 500 arpents, which originally cost one thousand dollars, has lately been sold *for one hundred and forty thousand dollars.* Property in the state of Louisiana on Red River, Concordia, &c. has lately generally arisen in value.

We learn from the Charleston Courier of the 22d that Alfred Huger, Esq'r has been appointed Post Master of that city, in place of the late T. W. Bacot, Esq.

Large Cargo.—The ship Portsmouth, of New York, sailed from Savannah on the 12th instant, for Liverpool, having on board a cargo of 1901 bales of cotton, valued at $110,000.

The passengers who started from Philadelphia to New York on Monday morning, were obliged to sit in the rail road cars all night, and did not ar

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, Jan. 3, 1835.

THE NEW YEAR.

If our readers have not already been informed of the fact, they will perceive by the alteration in the date of our paper, that another year of time has passed away—that another era has commenced in our history. Poets and philosophers regard this as a prolific subject for the exercise of imaginative powers and reasoning faculties. The first write stanzas to old Father Time, and the second preach sermons on the decay of nature: the poet is as gay as a butterfly—the philosopher as grave as a hermit. We, being neither poet nor philosopher, desire to avoid both extremes, and to strike into a middle course, moderately gay, and reasonably grave.

Winter has spread his cold and icy mantle over the earth, but he has no robbed us of our enjoyments. Thanks to civilization, even rain and snow, sleet and ice cannot destroy the comforts of a blazing fire-side, nor deprive us of the recreations at all aided by our friends and our books. The song and the dance, the lively conversation, the luxuries purchased by our honest industry, are enjoyed with a double zest in our comfortable dwellings, and we heed not the blast of rude old Boreas, as he whistles through our deserted streets, chilling all nature with his ice cold breath. The enjoyments of winter are peculiar, but not the less agreeable. He brings the festivities of Christmas, the recreations of the New Year—he lights up the ball-room, tunes the lively violin, jingles the merry sleigh-bells, and provides amusements which are furnished in no other season. Why then should we regard winter as an enemy—why should we be sad at the commencement of a New Year?—Let the song go round, let the glass be replenished, for the health of that noble old gentleman, that persevering traveller, FATHER TIME, who has introduced to our acquaintance another of his sons, Mr. Eighteen Hundred Thirty Five.

Thus we roll forward. Onward, onward, unceasingly. "Change" is written on every brow—"change" marks every tangible object. Nations rise and fall—revolutions, commotions, wars, are matters of continual occurrence. During the past year, thousands have been born—thousands have died.—The grave has closed over the good and the virtuous—it has removed from our affectionate gaze the honoured faces of parents, children and friends—yet still the sun rises for us, and the seasons change with their usual punctuality. We note the progress of time only as it passes. Each New Year constitutes an era in our lives, advising us of the nature of mortality—admonishing us to improve time. Youth are advancing to manhood—the middle-aged are creeping to the tomb. The world is bright and cheerful to both classes, for what are seventy years to the world? But a few seconds. What are they to a human being? A full period of life.

A New Year! A season of congratulations, reminding us that we still live—of invitations and festivities, beseeking poultry, venison and mince pies, parties and balls—of accounts, bills unpaid and bills not collected—of business, monies, balances, expenses. It is a busy season to all—a season of pleasure to those who have been profitably engaged during the past year—a season of regrets to those who have not. It is a period for new resolves. A proper time to begin the world anew, under better auspices. Much may be done in a year. The industrious may grow wealthy—the learned may grow wiser—the good better. Let each, therefore, bring the judge of his own circumstances, make and adhere to such resolutions as may be necessary to promote his individual happiness. We cordially offer to our readers the compliments of the season.

City Councils.—At a late meeting of Councils, the Watering Committee, to whom the subject had been referred, made a report, showing the evils which would result to the Water Works of the city, from the construction of a canal, west of the Schuylkill river. The report states, that the present consumption of water per day, in the city and liberties, is about 3,500,000 gallons: during the summer months, about 5,000,000. The number of water takers is 13,981; of fire-plugs 431. The Watering Committee assert, without hesitation, that any diminution in the supply of water at the locks at Flat Mount, would render the construction of additional Water Works, at Flat Rock, indispensably necessary.

At the same meeting, an ordinance was passed, reducing the number of the city police, and dispensing with the twenty-four police officers, on duty during the day. The police, as now organized, consists of the Mayor, four high constables, twelve inspectors, and one hundred and twenty watchmen. By the change, the expenses of the city have been reduced about ten thousand dollars per annum.

An ordinance has been reported by Dr. Heaton, directing the establishment of Gas works, for lighting the city with gas.

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

We are glad to observe that the late exhibition of the progress of the pupils in the "Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind," has attracted general attention. Very many individuals who were present on that occasion, were astonished at the proficiency in mental as well as mechanical studies, displayed by the children, having hitherto regarded the calamity of blindness as one which no human power or industry could ameliorate. The sympathies of all present were awakened, when they heard the sightless read passages of scripture, answer questions in arithmetic and geography, and on various instruments "discourse eloquent music,"—the result of but a few months' instruction! A renewed impulse, we doubt not, will be given to the valuable charity, by the liberal donations and hearty co-operation of our wealthy citizens.

For the purpose of procuring suitable buildings for the pupils of this Institution, the Legislature, not long since, made an appropriation of ten thousand dollars, to be paid when the friends of the society shall have raised the sum of twenty thousand dollars for the furtherance of the same object. A portion of this $20,000 is yet to be collected, and it is for this purpose that the managers have lately made an appeal to the public. Surely, in so philanthropic a city as Philadelphia, it cannot require much time to raise, for so charitable and noble a purpose, the sum required.

From the report of the Canal Commissioners, recently made to the Legislature, it appears that all the lines of canals and rail-roads authorized by law, are so far completed as to admit of transportation throughout the whole extent. Some of the works are still unfinished, among which is the second tract of the Portage rail-road. The main line of canal was opened between the 1st and 12th of March, 1834, and during the season merchandize has been conveyed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, the passage generally occupying about eight days.

There is now constructed six hundred miles of canal, and one hundred and twenty miles of rail-road—and the tolls collected and paid into the State Treasury, within the fiscal year ending on the 31st of October, amounted to $933,553,08. The Commissioners anticipate that in a few years the revenue will amount to millions, and point to New York, which in 1830, received little more than five thousand dollars income from her canals, but which, in 1833, received a revenue from them of $1,765,915 22.

The charter of the Bank of the United States, will expire in 1836. All hope of a re-charter being now at an end, the Directors, we presume, will make immediate arrangements for drawing their business to a close, which, we doubt not, they will be able to do in an honourable manner. In less than five years after the extinction of the present bank, we venture to predict, another National Bank will be incorporated.

There appears to be a scarcity of females in Washington, President Jackson has no wife, Mr. Van Buren is a widower, and Secretary Dickerson is a bachelor.

A gentleman of Boston, a day or two before Christmas, purchased for his Christmas dinner, a fine fat turkey, weighing three pounds and fourteen ounces, at the cost of $1 12½. When the cook was preparing it for the spit, she found that it was already stuffed, not with bread and sage, but with pieces of brick and lead, neatly wrapped in wool. Of course this "filling" was internally added to the weight of the turkey.

THE STATES.

Mississippi.—The Governor of this state has convened the Legislature, to meet in an extraordinary session, for four reasons—the first of which is the refusal of the Bank to discount notes which have been taken for sales of lots, the proceeds of which were to be applied to the State buildings. Another reason is, the election of a Senator to the United States, to serve six years from the 4th of March next, in the room of Gov. Poindexter, whose term of service will then expire.

Illinois.—Both Houses of the Legislature of Illinois, met at Vandalia, on the 1st ult. and organized by electing, in the Senate, Leonard White, Secretary; Wm. G. Flood, Enrolling and Engrossing Secretary; and Robert S. Gordon, Sergeant at Arms. In the House of Representatives, James Semple was elected Speaker; David Prickett, Clerk; E. Z. Ryan, Engrossing Clerk; and Wm. Murphy, Door Keeper. The message of Gov. Ewing, was presented on the same day. The financial concerns of the state, do not appear to be in a very flourishing condition. Thus the Governor attributes to the "*remunerating parsimony* inflicted upon them by the operations of the Old State Bank and its *resulting effects.*" It is a source of regret, to find a new state in debt to its own seminary and school fund to the amount of $114,000. It may be interesting to speculators in the lands of this state, to learn that the Governor recommends a legislative action, providing that the state shall be the sole purchaser of all lands now belonging to persons out of its jurisdiction, (which he calls *non-resident lands,*) when such lands shall be a bill for the payment of taxes.

Indiana.—Governor Noble, has appointed Colonel Daniel Sigler and Richard W. Thompson, Esq. as his Aids-de-Camp; Douglas Maguire, Adjutant General; Daniel D. Pratt, Quarter-Master General; and John L. Ketchum, Private Secretary.

Connecticut.—A State Convention of the Jackson party, will meet at Middletown, on the last Wednesday of January, for the purpose of nominating State officers and members of Congress. An anti-Jackson Convention will be held at New Haven, on the 11th February, for the same purpose.

Alabama.—Resolutions proposing the Hon. Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, to the people of the United States, as a suitable candidate for the Presidentship, have been introduced into the House of Representatives of the state of Alabama. The resolutions are as follows:

"Be it resolved, by the members of the House of Representatives of the state of Alabama, that they consider the Hon. Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, an statesman eminently qualified for the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States, and more likely than any other person to unite the votes of the southern and western states, and that we will use all honourable means to promote his election.

Resolved, that the Speaker of this House forward a copy of these resolutions to the Hon. Hugh L. White, one to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and a copy to the Governor of each of the States of the Union, with a request to lay it before their respective Legislatures.

South Carolina.—The Legislature of South Carolina, adjourned on the 17th inst. Among the acts passed, was one to incorporate a new bank in Charleston, with a capital of $2,000,000, and liberty to increase it to $3,000,000; an act to incorporate the Atlantic Steam Packet Company; an act to prevent dueling; an act to incorporate the Charleston Cotton Seed Oil Manufacturing Company; and an act to provide for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb in the state.

Maryland.—The Legislature of this state met on the 22th ult. The Senate re-elected the Hon. R. B. Forrest as President. Mr. F. subsequently declined. The House probably the next day elected Wm. J. Hackstone, Esq. of St. Mary's, as Speaker. Mr. R. H. Goldsbury and Col. Emory are the prominent candidates for the United States Senate.

The subject of the Presidency is beginning to attract much attention. Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, has been nominated in Harrisburgh; some of the western states are urging Judge White of Tennessee; and the Boston Atlas, is out for Mr. Webster. Mr. McLean is also prominent. Mr. Van Buren will no doubt be the candidate of the Democratic National Convention.

Thumb Measure.—Much excitement prevails among a portion of our citizens at this time, in relation to the subject of *thumb measure*, an effort having been made by a portion of our merchants, to do away the long established custom of measuring 37 inches of dry goods to the yard. A card, recommending such a change, signed by a number of merchants, was the means of convening a very large meeting of dealers, on Tuesday last, at which it was resolved not to submit to the innovation. In their published proceedings, they declare that they disapprove of the change,

Because it is not in accordance with the custom which at this time is acknowledged by the national government, and by the instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury, dated Sept. 9, 1828, is made the rule by which all duties on Dry Goods are estimated in each part of entry in the United States.

And, That in accordance with the existing custom of measurement, the purchaser does not receive more than 36 inches to the yard, with very few exceptions, in consequence of the elasticity of that part of the Goods to which the measure is usually applied—

And because, it will render it extremely difficult for the retail vender of goods to realize by his sales, the lengths for which he has paid—

And because, it will offer continual temptations to vary from the honest practice of giving full measure—

And because, it will be the occasion of frequent dissatisfaction on the part of the consumers—

And because, it is calculated to depreciate the present high moral standard of the merchants of this community.

The weight of character, respectability and influence of this meeting, will no doubt settle the question, so that those who have occasion to purchase dry goods, may feel no hesitation in demanding *thumb* measure.

THEATRICAL.

Walnut Street Theatre.—This establishment, thus far, has proved unusually successful. The stock company appear to be decided favorites with the public, and the managers are indefatigable in their exertions to please. During the past week, Mrs. Duff and Mr. Oxley, a native tragedian, have appeared. Few ladies connected with the profession of the stage, have walked more respectably through life, or preserved more successfully the good opinions of our citizens, both in public and private, than Mrs. Duff. The testimony of respect given to her on a recent occasion by the citizens of Baltimore, speaks loudly in her favor. In a certain line of characters, such as Jane Shore, Mrs. Haller, &c., she is not surpassed by any female performer on the stage. She commenced an engagement as Tullia, in John Howard Payne's tragedy of Brutus.

Mr. Oxley, a young gentleman, who has been performing with some distinction in the West, presented himself on Monday night, for the first time for public favour, before a Metropolitan audience, as Brutus. Mr. Oxley is a native of this city, and besides the advantage of a prepossessing personal appearance, is a young man of education and talent. His performance of Brutus was quite creditable.

The Golden Farmer, and the Amazon Sisters, two new pieces, have proved eminently successful. Another new piece, "The Deep, Deep Sea, or the American Sea Serpent," was produced on Thursday evening. It is a most laughable entertainment.

Mr. A. A. Adams, a young tragedian, who has acquired a well-deserved celebrity in the West, is about to commence an engagement. The Pittsburg Statesman thus speaks of Mr. A.:

Mr. Augustus A. Adams.—We are informed that this gentleman, justly the pride of the Western stage, is about to return to the Eastern cities, for a short period. He has declined further engagements for the present, but will return in a few months. As we have frequently allowed our judgment to be biased by the opinions of our Eastern brethren, we respectfully recommend Mr. A. Adams to their critical notice. He will never shame their favour. We shall bid his return with pleasure and sow heartily wish him a prosperous career, with all almost assured confidence, that he will gather golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Chestnut Street Theatre.—"Old Drury" continues to receive a very liberal share of public patronage. Miss Phillips commenced an engagement on Tuesday evening, and was received with enthusiasm. "The Jealous Wife" was performed on Wednesday, for Mr. Wood's benefit. The house was crowded in every part, the first and second tiers presenting a splendid array of beauty and fashion. "Venice Preserved," and the "Hunchback of Notre-Dame," were performed on Thursday evening.

The sum of $293 98 has been collected in Lancaster in behalf of the sufferers by the late fire at Snowhill, Md.

EDWARD POSTLETHWAYT PAGE.

This gentleman, who in his publications adopts the title of "High Priest of Nature, General arbiter of the Elements, and Father of the Supreme Church," has favored us with an article in relation to the age of the world, wherein he attempts to show that the total overthrow of the present order of things, is close at hand. The communication will be found in another column. In giving it a place, Mr. Page desired us to preface it with some explanatory remarks, in accordance with the elucidations which he furnished verbally, but owing to the complex character of those elucidations, and our ineptitude in gathering his precise meaning, we have been unable to comply with his request. We have an indistinct recollection of quadrants, circles, miles, degrees, quarters of the world, &c. but they form a heterogeneous compound, "rare and odd," from which we can eke out nothing that will be satisfactory. We must, therefore, refer the reader to the communication itself, which, we trust, will be found as intelligible as can be expected from the mysterious nature of the subject treated of.

Mr. Postlethwayt Page, as most of our readers are probably aware, has already made considerable noise in the world, and as he operates on the O'Connell principle of "agitation," he will probably make much more before he is done. At least such is our impression from what he told us himself. He has already petitioned Congress for a million of acres of land in East Florida, whereon to establish a Scientific Commonwealth, for the revival of Temple worship, &c.; and should his application be successful, he intends to establish a "Theocracy the most sublime, making it a golden mean between positive aristocracy and negative democracy." In view of so grand an object, it is natural that the world should feel some interest for the projector, and it is for this reason that we have introduced him to our readers. Of course they will duly appreciate the honour.

FIRE KING.

We notice that our friend Walter, of the Boston Transcript, is about to bring an action against Dr. Divine, the "celebrated" Fire King, to recover the amount of a bill for printing, which the Doctor *accurately* neglected to pay. We have occasion for a similar prosecution ourselves, but being much averse to law-suits, we beg to transfer the unpaid balance of our bill against the Fire King, ($10) to Mr. Walter, with a request that he will include it in his own charge, and collect it at the same time. We will give a liberal per centage, inasmuch as we consider it a bad debt.

Miss Lydia F. Landon, has published a new romance called "Francisca Carara." Lady Morgan has written a new novel, in three volumes, entitled "The Princess." There is also advertised in London, "Memoirs of Hortense Beauharnois, Duchess of St. Leu, ex-Queen of Holland."

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 31, 1834.

Dear Sir:—The Legislature not being in session this place is as dull as any country village in the state. Most of the Representatives have returned to their families—a few have been sent on travelling committees, and a few linger about here, taking daily walks over the bridge, for exercise, and conning over speeches for the session.

There is less excitement here than usual, on account of the very few important subjects which will be agitated in the Legislature. An effort will no doubt be made for the extension of the Canal to Erie, but I am doubtful if its success. The public works, so far, have not realized the expectations of the Governor and his friends.

The society here, is as thin and as dull as usual. The number of Indies diminishes every year. What a pity it is that some of your Philadelphia belles cannot be prevailed upon to enlighten us with their wit, and entertain us with their sprightliness.

The Harrisburg Intelligencer, for some weeks past, has been making an effort to bring out Gen. Harrison for the Presidency, but the exertions of the editor do not appear to be seconded. The attempt will prove a failure—the ground is already occupied.

Yours, &c.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1834.

Dear Sir:—The present session of Congress will be one of less interest than the last. The exciting subjects of the deposits and the bank, being now at rest, legislation goes on but slowly. It is true there is a probability of a breeze in relation to France, but this evil day will be put off as long as possible. In relation to that matter, most of the politicians with whom I have conversed, go on the non-committal principle, and talk as much in favour of a war as they do against it. My own impressions are, that the views of the President will be be carried out, especially as it is rumoured that Mr. Clay, chairman of the committee on foreign relations in the Senate, comes less with the Executive.

So far, but little business of any importance has been transacted; and being unwilling to occupy your columns with uninteresting details, I shall barely glance at each day's proceedings. In the Senate, on Wednesday of last week, the bill for the relief of Col. John Eugene Ustenduerfer, was read the second time in committee of the whole. Col. Ustenduerfer was one of the officers under Gen. Eaton, when he marched from Egypt with the forces of the exiled Bashaw, Hamet Caramalli, to co-operate with the naval expedition under Commodore Preble against Tripoli, in 1804; and who distinguished himself at the attack of Derne, in Tripoli, when that place was captured by the American General. The bill provides, in consideration of the sufferings and services of Col. Ustenduerfer in that arduous campaign, to grant him, in addition to the allowance heretofore made him by Congress, a warrant for 320 acres of land, and the pay of a Colonel of Cavalry for the time he served, instead of the pay of a Captain of Infantry, as heretofore allowed him. It was supported by Mr. Benton, and opposed by Mr. Poindexter, solely on the ground that no allowance of land had yet been made to General Eaton, the commanding general, or to his heirs, but finally passed to a third reading, by a vote of 19 to 15. In the House, Mr. Reynolds moved that hereafter, in all elections made by the House of Representatives for officers, the vote should be given viva voce, each member in his place naming aloud the person for whom he votes. An animated debate arose on a resolution offered by Mr. Lincoln, of Mass., calling upon the President for information in relation to the North-eastern boundary. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Evans and Mr. Parks of Maine, were the principal speakers. The points at issue were in relation to the disputed territory, interesting particularly to Maine and Massachusetts.

Col. Watmough's bill, relating to the pay of officers of the Navy, has passed through committee of the whole, and been reported to the House. Its provisions are as follows:

To the Senior Captain, it gives, when in service, $4500; at other times $3500.

To other Captains, commanding squadrons, coast station, and acting as navy commissioners, $4500; on other duty, $3750; on absence, &c. $3000.

Masters on sea service, $2500; other duties $2000; waiting orders, $1800.

Lieutenants commanding, $1800; other duties, $1500; orders, 1200.

Assistant Surgeons—Orders, $650; at sea, $950; qualified for promotion, $850; at sea, $1200; on stations, 950. After being passed—on stations, $1250.

Surgeons—First five years, $1000; next, $1200; next, $1400; next, $1600; afterwards, 1800. An increase of one-fourth when under orders for land service; of one-third for sea service; of one-half as fleet surgeons; of three-fourths as surgeons general. Attached to vessels for service or navy yards, $1100; absence or waiting orders, $900.

Chaplains—Sea service or yards, $1200; absence or waiting orders, 9300.

Professors of Mathematics—Yard or sea service, $1200.

Secretaries—To commanders of Squadrons at sea, $1000; other stations, 900.

Sailing Masters—On a 74 at sea, $1100; other duties, $1000; absence or waiting orders, $750.

Second Masters—Sea service, $750; other duties, $500; absence, &c. $100.

Passed Midshipmen—Sea service, $600; other duties, $500; absence, &c. $400.

Masters—Sea service or yards, $150; absence, &c. $200.

Midshipmen—Sea service, $100; other duties, $350; absence, &c. $300.

Clerks—Yards, $900; fleet clerks to commandant of yard, $900; second, do. $750; sea service, $500.

Boatswains, Gunners, Sail-makers and Carpenters—74 at sea, $750; frigate, $600; other duties, 500; absence, &c. $360.

Both Houses adjourned on Wednesday, to meet again on Saturday. On that day, in the Senate, Mr Southard presented a petition from the citizens of Washington, stating their utter inability to extricate the Corporation from its embarrassments, and praying for such relief as Congress might be disposed to grant. Mr. Robinson presented some joint resolutions of the Legislature of Illinois, instructing the Senators from that state, to use their efforts to obtain the passage of a law creating three ports of entry, at Galena and Ottawar, in Illinois, and La Fayette, in Indiana.

In the House, after the presentation of various local petitions, the debate on the boundary question was resumed, and Mr. Lincoln's resolutions finally adopted, by a vote of ayes 96, nays 79. The resolutions are expected to elicit much important information.

In the Senate, on Monday, the Vice President submitted a memorial from Hollsborough, Pa., praying for an additional appropriation for the Cumberland Road. But little business was transacted. In the House, the resolution submitted a day or two since, providing that hereafter, in all elections made in the House of Representatives for officers, the votes shall

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

[The following beautiful effusion, remarkable for its simplicity as well as its pathos, we extract from the last number of Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?
Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast
Soon we must hurry her!
Gone is the beauty now
From her cold bosom!
Down droops her livid brow,
Like a wan blossom!

Not to those white lips clinga
Smiles or care now!
Dull is the rainbow wing,
Dim the bright tresses!
Death now hath claimed his spoil—
Fling the pall over her!
Lap we earth's lightest soil,
Whatewith to cover her!

Where down in yonder valo
Lilies are growing,
Mourners the pure and pale,
Sweet tears is stowing!
Morning and evening dews
Will they shed o'er her;
Each night their task renews
How to deplore her!

Here let the lea grass grow
With its green drooping
Let the narcissus blow,
O'er the wave stooping!
Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing!
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing!

And when the moonbeams shower,
Tender and holy
Light on the haunted hour
Which is ours solely,
Then we will seek the spot
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding the unforgot
With our long weeping!

QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.

These are set forth in the *Worcester Journal*, 1701, to the following effect:—

Great good nature and prudent generosity.
A lively look, and proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.
A good person, but not perfectly handsome—a moderate height—complexion not quite fair, but a little brown.
Young by all means—old by no means.
A decent share of common sense, just seasoned with a little repartee—a small modicum of wit, but no learning, I say again and again (either ancient or modern) upon any consideration whatever.
Well, but not critically, skilled in her own tongue.
In reading, a little becoming deficiency; and in the doctrine of punctuation [or what is generally called stopping] by no means conversant.
A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic; but no sort of skill in factions.
A more than tolerable good voice, and a little ear for music—a capability of singing [in company,] but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c.
Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than to fine—no enemy to knitting.
Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen—yet more skilled in the theory than in the practice of cookery.
Fonder of country dances than minuets.
An acquaintance, with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.
Not entirely fond of quadrille, but a little given to whist.
In conversation a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer.

Extracts from a modern Dictionary.

Fear.—The shadow of hope.
Rural felicity.—Potatoes and turnips.
Woman's love.—A rainbow melting in tears.
Moral rectitude.—Given cats not to be found out.
Music.—The poetry of sound.

Genuine Anecdote.—A "good natured" Irishman, who had an unfortunate propensity of *diurnally* solacing himself with the *ardent*, was one day lectured by a real friend, on his taking thus frequently to a solitary glass. The reply was, "How can I help it? When I am alone the bottle comes so quickly round to me."

If, and his progeny.—If every body would just mind his own business, there would be more business done.

If you want to get rich work hard and spend little. If the mistress would scold less she would have less reason for scolding.

If my child was to be a shoe-black all his life, I would give him a classical education.

If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at theen, men would have better wives.

If you would not be everlastingly dunned, *pay the printer!—Southern Planter.*

RETORT COURTEOUS.—A dandy of the thorough shop-boy breed, on entering the new English Opera House, the other evening, thought proper to show off his feeble wit by intentionally taking a gentleman for the box-keeper. "Box-keeper," said he (with a leer to one of the things with a large Bradyphian nose, that accompanied him,) "show me into a box." The gentleman taking no notice of this impertinence, except by a significant smile of contempt, the himourist, emboldened by his silence, took him affectedly by the breast of the coat, with his finger and thumb, and bawled out—"Do your *duty*, Sir; give me a box." "Certainly," was the immediate reply, followed by a sound box on the ear, with which accommodation the solicitor was fain to put up; for, having given the first assault, he had no other remedy than to rub the injured part, which he frequently did, exclaiming, "Well! I never!"

A NEW DISCOVERY.—In the expedition lately made by Dr. Gerard into the territories between the British frontiers on the northwest and the Caspian sea, the ruins of an extensive city were traced at the base of the Hindoo Kosh mountains, supposed to be the city of "Alexandria ad Caucasum." Various topes were also examined by Mr. Masson, from which he collected upwards of 30,000 old coins, mostly copper, and a large portion with Greek inscriptions.

A FRUITFUL SEASON.—The season has been fruitful in England and France in a domestic way. The wife of a wheelwright at Durham, had a daughter, and 21 days after, a son—all doing well. Susan Wheaton, of Edgbaston, remarkable for having had twins several times, was confined with three boys—all well. Mrs. Howlet, of Haddenham, had twins; her husband aged 77, was for the first time the father of a living child. Mrs. Thompson, of Bridlington-quay, presented her husband with three boys, who were named Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The wife of a retired soldier at Besancon, was delivered of four male children, well formed and likely to live.

An ingenious individual of Liskeard, named Trathake, has for some time past been exhibiting himself in that town and neighbourhood, in a dress composed from top to toe of rat's skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself, and consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trowsers, tippet, gaiters, and shoes, all of the skins of an animal that has heretofore been considered, whether dead or alive, quite useless. The number of rats whose skins he has thus appropriated is 650. The tippet or boa (but not round like that worn by the ladies) is composed of the pieces of skin immediately around the tails, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing about 600 tails.—*Falmouth Packet.*

A JUMEROUS FAULT.—An old French writer, more remarkable for originality of thought than for grace of style, was once reproached by a friend with the frequent repetitions to be found in his works. "Name them to me," said the author. The critic, with obliging precision, mentioned all the ideas which had most frequently recurred in the book. "I am satisfied," replied the honest author; "you remember my ideas; I repeated them as often on purpose to prevent you from forgetting them. Without my repetitions, I should never have succeeded."

AN EASY PLACE.—John Elwes, the famous miser, had a servant whose daily occupations were as various and incongruous as can well be imagined. At four o'clock in the morning he milked the cows; then got breakfast for Mr. Elwes and his friends; then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel and set off to officiate as huntsman and whipper-in, in the field. Returning, he refreshed himself after his fatigues by rubbing down two or three horses as fast as he could; then ran into the house and waited at dinner; then again to the stable to feed the horses, dressed'd with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. And yet the old miser used to call him an idle dog, who wanted to be paid his wages for doing nothing!

Healthful Effects of Manual Labor.—Mr. Badger, of the New York Weekly Messenger, as every body knows, was formerly editor of the Zion's Herald, a very popular paper published at Boston, which was afterwards united to the New York Christian Advocate, when Mr. Badger became editor of the united concern. Some four years since he left that paper (which had 20,000 subscribers) and commenced the Weekly Messenger, which was soon in a very prosperous condition; but which he was shortly obliged to leave, on account of ill health. Having tried a southern climate in vain, he betook himself to *manual labor*, and wrought at the press for almost a year, when he found himself restored to perfect health. He then resumed the editorial chair of the Messenger; which, aided by his renewed diligence and skill, has, we understand, at present six thousand subscribers, and is daily increasing in number. Thus should the diligence of a working man be crowned, whether he labor with the hand or the head.

JANUARY.

This is the first and the coldest month of the year. Its zodiacal sign is Aquarius or the Waterbearer. It derives its name from Janus, a deity represented by the Romans with two faces, because he was acquainted with past and future events. Cotton introduces him into a poem on the new year,—

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direct mi-chiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! Methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns serenesse in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His native beams unclouded shine,
And from his face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past:
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.

According to the ancient mythology, Janus was the god of gates and avenues, and in that character held a key in his right hand, and a rod in his left, to symbolize his opening and ruling the year: sometimes he bore the number 300 in one hand, and 65 in the other, the number of its days. At other times he was represented with four heads, and placed in a temple of four equal sides, with a door and three windows in each side, as emblems of the four seasons and the twelve months over which he presided.

According to Verstegan, (Restauration of Decayed Intelligence, 4to. 1628, p. 56,) the Saxons called this month "Wolf-monat," or Wolf-month, because the wolves of our ancient forests, impelled by hunger at this season, went to prowl and attack man himself; the inferior animals, on whom they usually preyed, having retired or perished from the inclemency of the weather. The Saxons also called this month "Aefteryula," or After Christmas. In illuminated calendars prefixed to Catholic missals, or service books, January was frequently depicted as a man with faggots or a woodman's axe, shivering and blowing his fingers. Spenser introduces this month in his Faerie Queen:

Then comes old *January*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell;
And blow his nayles to warm them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
Upon a huge great earth-nat steene he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

We cut the following 'Advertisement Extraordinary,' as it was headed, from the Bamberb'o' Planet of Dec. 11th.

"I, ALFRED HARRIS of Bratteboro, yeoman, am, or at any rate was *last week* a widower with seven children.—I am told that their Honors the Court of Chancery are to dec de whether I am still as I think, a widower or a married man. My means are rather limited, and the support of my family and performance of my domestic duties having hitherto fully occupied my time, I have confined myself to the strides of private life. My present appearance before the public is any thing but desirable to myself—but having been informed that such a course is necessary, I can think of no better mode of giving the proper notice or caution than to lay before the reader a few passages in the last week of my biography.

"The facts are," that on the evening of Friday last I found myself suddenly in the custody of an officer by virtue of a warrant which set forth and alleged among other things that I had in June last cultivated too intimate an acquaintance with one Martha M. B. Weston, a young and vagrant sempstress. The young woman had visited a cousin of hers at my house, once in March and once in October—between which time I had not seen her. On the following morning I was ordered by a magistrate to find security to the amount of $300, or to marry the damsel or to go to jail. Now for a man with a house full of babies to convey away the bulk of his property, was in my view a serious matter, and the jail a no joke, and to marry a woman a body dislikes is the least nothing of all—I was in much perplexity, and in end of advising as I ought to have done with clearer heads than mine, and getting a writ *de non iasp.* I did as Cato and Lord Bingham have done before me—I consoled myself—I drank—and forgot my sorrows! What passed in the latter part of Saturday I cannot learn my own recollection clearly state. But I learn from others that my opinion of matrimony seemed to grow brighter with every glass; and that the justice and constable having exhausted their patience in waiting for my decision, I stood up before the presiding magistrate and had Miss Weston's hand while the justice attempted to marry us, and while both the lady and myself were uttering sentences any thing but connubial.

On Sunday I found myself rational—I sought an interview with the lady and heard her full confession of what I knew from the beginning, *that she had committed perjury.* She further admitted that her *pressing* entanglings had all been learned; that she had proceeded in her plot till frightened by its very success, she determined to tell the truth. A medical gentleman was able to confirm her confession, and what I had asserted in vain to the *civil* authority and all my other friends was now clear as preaching, namely, that they had the wrong pig by the ear—or in fact that they had no occasion to meddle with the ear of *any pig at all.*

Now what I wish to have understood is this, that I MAINTAIN I AM A SINGLE MAN. I have already been dunned for some of this wretched woman's debts, but I have not paid them, and I will not pay them.—Let no one trust her on my account for she is NOT MY WIFE.—I will fight this quese on with my last sixpence. ALFRED HARRIS.

Bratteboro', December 11th, 1834.

Asthma.—We learn from an intelligent friend who has long been afflicted with the most distressing complaint, that the fumes of burning paper, saturated with a solution of saltpetre gives him perfect relief. He keeps a quantity of the paper, which has been simply soaked in strong saltpetre water, and afterwards dried—constantly on hand, and on the recurrence of a paroxysm obtains almost instant relief from burning half a sheet or a sheet in his room. Others who have been similarly affected, have tried it with a corresponding benefit. In no case has it been known to fail, so far as his information extends. We deem the testimony sufficient to warrant the publication of the prescription, which certainly has the merit of simplicity. If it shall prove generally efficacious, its value is beyond price. It can be easily tested.—*Newark Adv.*

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE SWAN AND THE LINNET.

Pquem at the linnet's song one day,
The swan exclaim'd, "leave off, I say!—
Be still, you hide noisy thing;
What—dare you challenge me to sing,
When there's no voice, however fine,
Can march the melody of mine?"
(The linnet warbled on.) "D'ye hear?
This impudence may cost you dear.
I could, with one harmonious note,
Put ever stop your squeaking throat;
And, if I do not chose to try,
Respect my magnanimity?"

"I wish," at length the linnet said—
"I wish to Heaven the proof were made!—
You can't imagine how I long
To hear that sweet and flowing song,
Which, though so rich by fame avow'd,
I know not who has ever heard."

The swan essay'd to sing, but—whew!
She screech'd and squall'd a note or two,
Until the linnet, it appears,
Took to her wings to save her ears:

"'Tis strange, when some of learned fame,
Will prove their title to the name,
How oft the ill-placed praise they mar,
And show the world what fools they are!

The widow of William Corder, of Red Barn memory, has a strong *penchant* for doing business by advertisements. It will be recollected that she contracted the matrimonial engagement which terminated so happily and honourably by advertisement. She is again attempting to make the worst of her bad bargain by advertisement—and that with a delicacy worthy of her former contract. In the Suffolk Chronicle of Saturday last we observe an advertisement of certain effects of 'the late William Corder, who, (we quote from the advertisement) was executed at Bury for the murder at Polstead,' to be sold 'by order of his widow, who is leaving this part of the country.' Amongst a host of other articles, of which the hangman appears to have been defrauded, we observe mentioned 'a pair of elegant convex spectacles, worn by Corder during his trial at Bury; his snuff box, with Marin's likeness!' The advertisement closes with an appropriate N. B.—'The auctioneer pledges his honour the articles specified to be the property of the late William Corder is perfectly correct.'

A butcher about to kill a cow, employed an Irishman to hold her. The butcher squatted, and when looking at the cow appeared to look at the Irishman. Pat fearing that he should get the knock-down instead of the cow, said in much of a hurry, "Arrah, man, do you strike where you look?" "To be sure I do—where do you think I'd strike?" "Then you may howld the cow yourself till I get out of the way, jist."

HOUSEWIFERY.—The German Lady, who has been taking such amiable views of our manners and customs in nations the following little particulars as peculiar to American domestic economy:

People in general keep at most a lazy negro; sometimes they have a maid servant besides, but they are as often without the latter. At such times you may see the richest ladies with a birch broom in their delicate hands, covered with leather mittens, sweeping the dirt from the pavement into a heap in the middle of the street, while the husband trudges home from market with a huge basket full of fish, butcher's meat, prodigious crabs, oysters and shells as large as soup plates and such persons live, according to the notions of their country, in very high style, if their whole house is covered with costly carpets, and they expend some thousands of dollars annually for fresh fowls and hair. They have mistresses here, which are extremely elegant and which are sold at the milliners' shops by the name of "ladies sweeping gloves," as high as five dollars a pair.

AN ORIGINAL WATCHMAN.—A few days ago, a raw sort of lad from the Island of Mull, whose knowledge of the world was evidently very limited indeed, called upon the superintendant of police, requesting to be employed as a watchman. The captain, seeing him, though rather inexperienced and diffident, still with something of shrewdness, as he thought, about him, agreed to make a trial of him, and accordingly appointed him to a station in College Street. A person was sent along with him to point out his various duties, and, among other things, to instruct him as to the calling of the hour. He was told that if he did not hear the clock strike, he might catch the word from the watchman on the South Bridge. At half-past ten o'clock, therefore, our hero was observed to listen very attentively to the call of his fellows on the South Bridge, and having caught the words "half-past ten," he proceeded with long strides up the street, bawling "*It's the same hour here.—It's the same hour here.*"

AMERICAN ACTORS ABROAD.—Some years since the English public could not be induced to believe that the American stage was able to furnish an actor worthy to appear before them. Poor Cooper was driven from their stage and the attempt to please them was, in an American, a criminal presumption. Times however, have since changed. In despite of the fables of travelling downgers, captains and county colonels, the English begin to doubt the theory of Hollon that nature degenerates in America. They have learned to admire and applaud Hackett; and they have even endured Miss Clifton, a piece of good nature for which they deserve credit; and we do not doubt that, should Booth or Forrest appear upon their boards, their success would be decided and brilliant. The latter, now in Europe, will no doubt visit London before his return; and, notwithstanding his determination not to appear before an English audience, he will probably be persuaded to make the venture. Let him say what he may, he *would* be proud of the applause of the audience that has applauded Kemble, Cook and Kean. And we do not doubt that he would receive it. Let him open in that glorious play of our townsman Bird, the Gladiator, and he would take the town, as was said of Kean, by storm.—Two such specimens of American home-tie manufactures could not fail to draw from generous and warm-hearted John Bull a full meed of applause. We hope that the experiment will at least be made.

Desperate remedy for a Desperate Disease.—They tell a good story of old Dr. Rush. He was called to visit a hypochondriac patient, who fancied she had swallowed a mouse. On entering the room, the lady exclaimed, 'Dear Doctor! I am so glad to see you—I am in such distress—such pain! Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I've swallowed a mouse!' 'Swallowed—nonsense,' replied the doctor, in his mild and pleasant manner. 'Oh, no! doctor!' said the patient, 'it is not nonsense, it is a mouse—a live mouse—he ran down my throat when I was asleep with my mouth open, and I feel him now, creeping about my stomach, and trying to gnaw out. Oh! doctor, do prescribe something quick, or I shall die.' 'Prescribe,' said the doctor, 'yes, I'll prescribe something that will cure you in a minute.' 'What is it, doctor? what is it? I'll take any thing you order.' 'Well, then, my dear madam, swallow a cat—if that don't cure you, nothing will.' It was effectual.—*Boston Transcript.*

FLAGOLOGY.—Among the curiosities now being exhibited at New York, is a company of well-educated fleas, recently imported from Europe, whose extraordinary performances excite general astonishment. The annexed whimsical account of their sagacity and skill, is from the N. Y. Courier.

The wonderful ingenuity as well as patience required to train such insects into a docility and obedience so perfect—the manipulation of chains minute enough to harness them, and the construction of carriages for them to ride in, and weapons wherewith to fight their battles, are exercises of human skill and perseverence beyond any thing before "dreamed of in our philosophy." To see the fellow to his magnitude by the help of Dr. Welden's "Hydro-Oxygen," is certainly very curious, but to witness his exploits in "Native Amature" under the tuitelage of Mr. *Hop*kins, (who by the way does let him hop to all) is to see something worth taking about! Here we have fleas of all nations and all sizes, and it gratifies our nat ional feelings, (no body can tell how much,) to see that the very largest of the menagerie, is a free born American flea, though it grieves us to add that he is at this time in disgrace and captivity, being chained to a gold ball of sixty times his own weight. This we take a pleasure in conclusively enough, the slander uttered of insects constitutionally enough, the slander uttered of insects constitutionally enough, the slander uttered of insects constitutionally